

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

HAVE been spending three or four days up in Waterloo County, as a matter of fact nursing my rheumatism at Preston Springs. While there I had numerous opportunities of speaking with fairly representative men of the German population which has made that whole district one of the wealthiest centers of industry in Canada. There is no political partizan, no matter how bitter, who ever belittles our German fellow-citizens. No matter in what locality the Germans have gathered together, they are always held in high esteem for their industry, kindness and law-abiding impulse. As the question of loyalty has been so largely, and it seems to me improperly, raised, with regard to French-Canadians, I ventured to ask the good-natured and gentle-minded Germans whom I met, how they felt towards the policy of Canada volunteering troops for British wars, without consulting the people or having any voice in deciding whether there should be a war or not. The German citizens of Canada are noted for their tendency to mind their own business, and I found them somewhat unready in venturing an opinion either one way or the other, until I asked the question, "Now, for instance, if Great Britain had a war with Germany what would your loyalty impel you to do?" The prompt answer came, "To sympathize with Germany, if Canada were not directly concerned. Everything that has to do with Canada would touch every German first of all, for we are a patriotic people. Of course it is many years since we left the Fatherland; our forefathers, many of them, left it before there was a grand Fatherland, but we yet speak the language and naturally love the race from which we sprung. The obligation we feel as a German people in Canada is to the Dominion, and we would give everything, property, sons, brothers, all our men, and the sympathy of all our women, if Canada were involved in a quarrel."

"But if it were Great Britain's quarrel how would you feel?" "That it was none of our business." "But," I insisted, "if it were Great Britain's quarrel with Germany?" "Well, I would feel that it was still none of our business, unless we were asked to go out and fight against our kinsmen. And then the quarrel not being ours, I would say to my German friends, 'Let us stay at home, protect our own country, but not fight with the people of our own blood.'" The gentleman with whom I was talking was a well educated, reputable man, Conservative in politics, and one who would not like to be quoted. I only mention this scrap of a conversation to point out to those who are making so much noise over what is being and has been said in Lower Canada, that politically speaking the Conservative party can make no gain by introducing racial questions. I think it will be found that every man who has a stake in Canada is absolutely patriotic and would defend this country to the last gasp, but it is not quite so certain that loyalty means the same thing to every resident in this very much mixed community.

As I pointed out some weeks ago, loyalty and patriotism are two different things. My loyalty is to Great Britain, to the country in which my father was born, and the conditions of that land are those traditions which I hope shall always guide me. To the French-Canadian, France has a marvelous attraction because it is the land of his forefathers; his traditions and the stories and the prayers that he heard at his mother's knee were in the language of France. To the German, loyalty means a love of the country from which his forebears came. To the Irish, with whom probably the whole three nationalities already enumerated disagree, loyalty means a love of the Emerald Island, its stories, its traditions, its feuds, and its hardships. It is doubtful, if the Doukhobor could be persuaded to fight, if he would fight Russia, or, if the Galician could be made to shoulder arms, if he would be willing even to fight his oppressor. For these reasons it would seem to me that we ought to be very careful about throwing clubs promiscuously at the peoples who are coming to live with us and who in the course of a few generations will become so assimilated as to make their impulses almost identical with our own. These impulses will become identical with ours when their interests are so centered in Canada that British connection, British trade and the British flag will mean everything to them. This process of assimilation in the past has been very slow. In the future we may hope to see it become very rapid, reaching the very innermost feelings of every man whose life and property are protected by the flag. In the past each nationality has sequestered itself. The foreigners who came to us, as well as the people from our own native islands, have seen fit to live in close communities. I was born on the borders of a settlement where nothing but Gaelic was spoken. The young people of the Highland Scotch of that neighborhood to-day scarcely speak Gaelic or understand it. The English language is gradually creeping into every home; it is the language of business, of education. It is the language of the Continent; everyone must understand it or be very seriously handicapped, yet no Scotchman likes to hear of the English Queen, the English navy, or the mistake of forgetting that everything is British—not English.

Nevertheless, we must remember that even to-day there are peoples in this country, both Highland Scotch, French, Italian and German, among whom the tongue spoken by the old people is that of the old land. Nothing is more convincing of the tendency of the old people to cling to the tongue of their forebears, than a visit to the cemetery of a German neighborhood in the very heart of Ontario, where on every tombstone will be seen almost the same inscriptions as you can see in the graveyards of Germany itself, "Auf wiedersehen,"—"Until we meet again," and many of the affectionate words with which the German language abounds. The little can to hold flowers, the same little decorations, identically the same prejudices, can be seen, and exemplify the same impulse, and altogether you will see a little spot of Germany when you see the cemetery. The inscriptions are German on the tombstones; the eyes that spill tears upon the grass which covers the loved dead, look from German hearts. And these are our best citizens. Is it possible that we can be everlastingly engaged in racial wars without perpetuating the exclusiveness which has kept these splendid people so closely in touch with one another? At their hospitable tables and you will get the dishes of old Germany. Look at their little ornaments and see the treasures of their little households, and you will see the same thrifty evidences of German taste that you would find in a household in the same class of population in the land from which they sprung.

I am an Imperial Federationist; I believe in the grand destiny of the Empire and in the final universality of the English tongue, but I am getting too old and too easily affected perhaps by these memories of affection which people preserve lest they may be forgetful of their past, to engage in any swash-buckler arguments.

Let us do our duty to the Empire, but let us not be unkind of those gentle courtesies which we owe to our neighbors who may not feel quite as we do, but who are just as good Canadians as we are. This is their home as well as ours.

HON. F. R. LATCHFORD has been elected in South Renfrew by what may be considered a very good majority, though both Liberal and Conservative candidates have before now received greater. It is an off time in politics, and it cannot be denied that the Ontario Government has been a little off color to popularity. As has been pointed out, the Opposition as

well as the Government made the fight in South Renfrew as bitter as possible. Mr. Latchford was an outsider, apparently brought in for a special purpose, and the constituency apparently felt like giving him a good lively initiation so that as a Cabinet Minister he might not forget the necessity of being kind to the voters in order, in the future, to make his calling and election sure. At any rate, as things are now, neither the Opposition nor the Government can quarrel with a majority such as Mr. Latchford obtained. Constituencies are not to be regarded, as they once were, as sure things for any party, and it is better so. Proposed measures and a declared policy should be more attractive to the people of a province like Ontario than the prejudices of the past, or party affiliations which have become absolutely meaningless.

The Toronto police are trying to discover the identity and trace out the records of the two burglars who killed the merchant Varcoe, and they will probably succeed in the task. One of the ruffians has since died from the effects of the pistol wound received from the policeman on duty who captured both men. This man gave the name of McIntosh, but proves to be one Curtis, who not long ago finished a term in the Central Prison. The identity of the man Williams will probably be discovered before these lines reach the reader. The dead man being now beyond trial, there is no particular necessity for

offender, and presumably capable of reformation, what measures for his reform were taken by the State, which ultimately had to shoot or hang him after he had progressed from little things to irreparable crime, and are those measures which failed to reform him being depended upon now in cases similar to his? These are some of the questions that his case seems to suggest, and perhaps an enquiry along these lines by earnest criminologists would lead to results more important to society and to Varcoe's slumbering in their beds, than anything medical students can adduce by dissection.

When complete information is had it will almost certainly prove that these two men gave ample warning—ample if understood—of the tragedy for which they were training. They were probably jailed and punished repeatedly. It is already known that McIntosh, alias Curtis, only left the Central Prison in April last after serving two years for attempting to shoot a man. That term of imprisonment failed to correct his life, and we should see whether it tended to confirm it in evil. Men are sent time after time for comparatively short sentences to the Central Prison. Some appear to so opportunely time and gauge their offences as to winter there and summer at large. Their previous convictions count against them in time, and practice hardens them until they reason that they might as well attempt something serious as something in their usual line, as they will be hard hit if caught in either case. That man is not reformed



IT WAS DEADMAN'S CURVE, NEW YORK CITY.

Sample Drawing from SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER, illustrating an ingenious story of a bank robbery.

hunting out his antecedents, yet the police have a professional curiosity to know all about him and a creditable desire not to be baffled. Is it not possible that some investigations could be made into this case that would be more important to society than the mere searching for names and dates? Whence came McIntosh, alias Curtis? I do not think it matters much where he was two weeks ago or two months ago, but where and how was he produced? Where and how did he grow up and develop in crime until at the age of thirty or thereabouts he was as dangerous as a rabid dog? Think of his case for a moment. He was not in want, for when captured he had money and considerable money's worth on his person; indeed, the two burglars carried more money in their pockets than there was any likelihood of there being on the premises which they entered for the purposes of robbery. He was equipped for violent burglary and armed not only for defence, but for attack, as was shown by the boldness of his movements and the promptness with which he used his pistol. We are told that while he lay in the hospital awaiting death he seemed, whether conscious or in delirium, quite incapable of speaking except in the language of profanity. That he might articulate at all, oaths were as necessary to him as vowel sounds, a last stage of profanity at which some arrive. How came this young man to be what he was at so early an age—dying horribly, refusing medical aid to escape the hangman?

There are students at our colleges as old as McIntosh, alias Curtis, and they feel that they are still boys with the world ahead of them. It has been proposed to hand this man's body over to some of these students for dissection, but is it not his character or nature that requires to be dissected and studied rather than his mere physical organs? What causes produced him? What outward influences and inward tendencies brought him to this end? What part, if any, did heredity play in bedeviling him, and what evil associations caught him up and bore him along? When he was a mild

by our present system of punishment, but made dangerous.

We spend enormous sums in maintaining police forces, courts and prisons to detect, convict and detain offenders, and it seems astonishingly stupid that we should go on year after year, and generation after generation, without recognizing criminology in its deep seriousness—without taking any permanent advantage of the accreted wisdom and experience in crime and criminals that our judges, police magistrates, crown attorneys, police officials and detectives must possess, and possess exclusively. It was only the other day that Judge McMahon on the bench expressed his regret that he could not lawfully impose as severe a sentence on a criminal as the crime deserved. Not long ago a prison superintendent made the statement that comparatively few criminals were reformed by imprisonment, and that the system of indeterminate sentences would have to be introduced before results notably good could be looked for. He also said that fear of the lash would deter men from small offences, whereas if they grew in viciousness, fear of the gallows would not deter them from capital crimes. I shall not discuss that now, but much could be said in favor of indeterminate sentences. A prisoner's character can be studied at leisure in prison as it cannot be in court, and the logic of the proposal is that the incurable criminal should be held secure without waiting until after he has compassed his capital crime. Why should not our judges confer, exchange ripe views and draw up recommendations for the handling of our criminal population? Serving the state in connection with our courts and prisons are men who possess invaluable knowledge, yet they are not free to use it, but must dole out ready-made law and send the youth to jail a few times, to prison a few times, to the penitentiary, and perhaps at last to the scaffold. We wonder at crime, although we grow it, feed it, school it; we see it develop, and all we do is to measure it from time to time with terms of imprisonment increasing with its increasing size.

At Whitby on Tuesday night Hon. G. W. Ross, the new Premier, took occasion to announce the policy of the new Administration. His friends have reason to regret that he was not sooner made leader of the Liberals in this province and that his policy was not adopted years ago. Though Ontario has made very great advances in wealth and population, it cannot be denied that with the advantages it possesses the most has not been made of its enormous territory and illimitable resources. I believe I am only one of many who have wondered at the apathy of both the Government and the Opposition with regard to the development of the vast area of country for the possession of which the Mowat Government made such a desperate fight. It appeared that after obtaining an undisputed title to this huge estate, neither those on the Government benches nor those opposed to them had a definite idea of what to do with it. It is true that certain small projects with regard to opening up, settling and developing the territory were entered into, but at the rate of progress made we and our children, and our children's children, will all be dead before either the people or the profit which should come to us will be discoverable. The estate of Ontario has been managed as a cautious and small-minded farmer would manage a large holding of say six hundred acres, about one hundred of which was cleared and tillable. Whenever necessity drove the farmer to get a few extra dollars he would sell some of the timber and probably clear up another five or ten acres. Having enough for the necessities of the day, he felt no impulse towards making the most of his opportunities. Living thus from year to year, such an administrator of a large farm could easily be quite independent, respectable, and be able to even sneer at the prosperity of his more energetic neighbors. Ontario cannot tolerate any further administration of its affairs on these lines.

This province has long been well known to be paying three-fifths of the taxes of the Dominion. If we pay, let us possess. If we possess, let us make the most of our possessions. If money is to be spent to bring people to Canada, let us have our share of the people. If we have lands, let them be tilled; if we have mines, let them be worked. We have all the facilities for providing an enormous population with the means of livelihood and the opportunities of acquiring wealth. What have we done towards obtaining the people and securing our share of the enormously increasing trade and commerce of Canada? British Columbia has long been booming itself; Manitoba and the North-West Territories have long been booming themselves, and have been assisted by every other province. Ontario alone seemed to be satisfied with its accidental increase, and our cities and towns have been dependent for their growth, largely upon the developments occurring thousands of miles away.

Premier Ross appears to have very decided opinions with regard to what should be done, while the Opposition, led by Mr. Whitney, seems to have no policy at all. Ontario cannot do better than to let the new Premier serve out the term of the present Parliament unembarrassed by factional fights, in order that he may demonstrate to us whether he is in earnest, or if he is simply attempting to put us asleep with a political cradle song. If he fulfills his promises, or makes an honest attempt to do so, the Opposition will lose nothing by falling in line and pushing him to the extremity of the pledges he has given the people, by assisting him at every point. By purely factional opposition Mr. Whitney and his friends will lose every particle of popularity they possess, while by joining in the good work they will reap as much advantage, if not more than will be obtained by the Administration.

I have not had time to examine the details of the Premier's policy as announced at Whitby. Every line needs careful reading and every promise the most diligent scrutiny. Apparently Mr. Ross has spoken with the greatest possible candor, and where he announces as the principal plank of his platform that his Government will endeavor to have the crude products of Ontario manufactured into the most finished articles of commerce before being exported, he makes his strongest point. The people of this province should not be simply the builders of railroads, and the hewers of wood, and the bearers of heavy burdens, in order to send to more ambitious localities the products of our mines, forests and fields, to be finished by highly-paid artisans who have a right to look upon us with more or less contempt. We can do the finishing in Ontario. We have the water power, the materials and shipping facilities; let us have the profit of doing the work and the benefits arising from Ontario becoming an attractive place for skilled artisans, designers and capitalists.

Ontario will look with interest to Premier Ross, and will watch his performances either with intense appreciation or unconcealed aversion. He came into the leadership of his party at a critical moment, and yet after reading his address I imagine the majority of the people will believe that success is still within his reach. He should not be discouraged if there is no great outbreak of enthusiasm, for the people of this country unfortunately have heard so many promises and seen so many meagre performances that they will look for energetic action before being anything more than friendly critics.

THE value of the changes which civilization has made in the savage must very soon come up for consideration. Our unity of impulse is apparently purely tribal. Our belief in the "do unto others as you would have others do unto you" is first of all personal, and then tribal, and then national. Our respect for human life and for property is evidently a matter of self-interest. It seems to me that the church and the press, and that individuals, should make a very vigorous effort to see just where this lands us, and thus become able to utilize the shreds of religion which will last when self-interest and tribal prejudices are in conflict. We should also be well informed as to what traces of civilization can be found when national conflicts stand us all on our heads as it were. We should really know how much pressure the venerable will stand, and to what extent we may rely on those forces which cabin and confine us in small matters, when greater pressure is put on and the savagery of not only the individual, but of the mass, frees itself from all modern ties.

I think the fact is apparent that we can only be relied on under very small pressure. The animal of the man, the desire for admiration and the desire to admire in the woman, and the love of adventure, change and conquest in the "she" animal of the human species, and the devotion of the "she" animal of the same species to the one who risks most and wins most, are obvious. I feel myself so much of a savage that I could sometimes howl with delight when I see the British soldier doing up the other fellow. I have often confessed that I am absolutely hysterical in the presence of a brass band and a marching army of men. This is perhaps not the only nor the worst trace of the savage that I possess, but I know it is savage and I try to hold it back, and then try to justify it in others, and then feel a sort of contempt for myself for not becoming a fit subject for a lunatic asylum by breaking out. I think the only thing that keeps us within our limits is the fact that other savages are waiting to be as savage as they were before they ever saw an overcoat or a pair of trousers.

But what will become of the educated savage? Where will we land when our savagery shakes off its shackles and goes forth in the lust of strength and the pride of life, and with all the energy and appliances of education, to do up the

SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER WILL BE ISSUED ON MONDAY, NOVEMBER 27.

other fellow? Where will we all be when a warlike record and the list of battles which we have helped to win, and the pile of dead and wounded we have accumulated, become the only introduction which will win feminine favor, the popularity of the community, and the confidence of a nation? If Canada will only keep on "hollering" for war and giving everything to heroes who wear red coats, I am going to get on a red coat and go out and assault a big policeman, and if I can escape with my life I suppose I will rip down the street, vociferating, "To hell with Kruger. God Save the Queen. Hurrah for South Africa." From the beginning of this trouble that is the way I have felt. The civilized section of me has restrained the savage from doing just as it felt like doing. I do not think I am any worse than my neighbors, but I feel that we ought to cling to this religious and social veneer and respect for policemen until it is unanimously settled that all of us drop our store clothes, put on an apron and war paint, and start for the front. There will be nobody to see us off because we will be all going, and the world would stand aghast for about an hour, and then it would shed its duds and join in the scrap. As the children followed the Pied Piper of Hamelin, so the people of the world, the grown-up children, the poorly disguised savages, will, I am sure, follow their Pied Piper to the war.

I AM glad to see that the *World* newspaper, which has been one of the chief sinners against the courtesies which the people of this country owe to one another, has adopted a much more modified tone with regard to what we should do to strengthen the ties which bind the colonies to Great Britain and which will make it possible for all classes of Canadians to contribute of our strength to the magnificence of our ruling center. In Monday's paper the *World* says:

It would be well if Sir Charles Tupper would follow suit, take these gentlemen at their word, and instead of talking about our old contribution to Imperial defense, the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, let him propose something suited to the times, some system that will really strengthen the Empire, so that instead of the colonies acting singly and spasmodically, they will be found ready, and always ready, when the time of danger comes.

The above paragraph has many limitations, but it endorses the idea that I have been so steadfastly putting forth, that we must have some permanent arrangement whereby the colonies will do their share towards the maintenance of British authority, the defenses of the Empire, the extension of the freedom of mankind which British rule always ensures. If we have this permanent basis, if we have "the something suited to the times," our strength will not be lessened by having an argument whenever a campaign occurs in which our various races may find themselves naturally enough bitterly pitted either for or against the war. If the contribution is regularly levied it will be regularly paid, and though sometimes there may be elements amongst us which feel that it is more or less hard upon them to be contributors to a war against their own original race, yet nothing but a revolution can prevent the payment of the sum due for the support which the Empire will properly expect for the consolidation of the great countries which will result. We must remember that we have Hindoos, and Mohammedans, and followers of Confucius, and the adherents of every Christian religion, and those who speak almost every tongue, to bring together before the Empire becomes exactly what our fondest hopes would outline. This great end cannot be brought about by violence of speech, by yellow journalism, or by action which is caused by excitement and may cause disaffection and bitterness. We have gone too far to fear that any British colony will ever fail to do its duty. The British Government has gone so far in its cosmopolitan treatment of the various peoples who enjoy the protection of the flag, that the colonies do not need to either make protest or to engage in coaxing or coercing the authorities who have been so successful in bringing about so grand a result. Our duty, it seems to me, lies almost altogether in the direction of living in harmony amongst ourselves.

Those of us who are altogether British may very well afford to send regiments by the thousands or the tens of thousands to support Britain in foreign wars, but we certainly should have some regard for the feelings of others and not insist upon those who have different traditions doing identically as we do, or being denounced as traitors. One thing that we may all insist upon, and must all insist upon, is that in everything purely Canadian, every nationality and every tradition shall be forgotten, and that every man shall stand shoulder to shoulder in the defence of our rights and in insisting upon the Governments of the provinces and the Government of the Dominion doing everything that is possible for the development and success of the Dominion.

No man in this country dare lift his voice to say that such a condition does not now exist, without forever being forbidden to speak in public to the people again. This country is absolutely unanimous with regard to Canada. Its patriotism is unexcelled by the patriotism of any land upon which the sun shines, and in this happy condition let us remain, undisturbed by sectarian cries or racial crusades.



BRING AN ORGANIZATION OF CERTAIN ACTIVE NEWSPAPER-WRITERS OF TORONTO AND OTHER CITIES AND TOWNS FOR THE PURPOSE OF HOLDING WEEKLY MEETINGS IN THIS COLUMN TO SETTLE BY CUMULATIVE DISCUSSION SEVERAL OUTSTANDING AND VERRED QUESTIONS.

Is a University Training Advantageous Outside of the Professions?

John Lewis suggests a farmers' university.

I beg to propose a plan for a farmers' university. For two hundred dollars, less than one year's board for a student in Toronto, a farmer could buy a hundred or more good books, including an encyclopedia. For twenty dollars a year, which I fancy would not go very far in students' fees, he could obtain a fine collection of agricultural journals. There you have a school, college and university for the whole family. And what a family—brought up on fresh air, intelligent work and solid reading; the physical eye ranging freely over miles of country, the mind's eye ranging over a landscape even wider and more alluring. No loneliness, no weariness on wet days. A community with opinions of its own, not to be deceived or scared by any fakir or demagogue. And as for a foreign enemy attacking such a country—for we are all military in these days—I should be disposed to apply Von Moltke's answer to the fellow who asked him if he could get an invading army into England. "Easily," replied the grim old man, "but the trouble would be to get it out again." The plan would require some previous training, and that brings me to the point that one main object of school education is to teach children to read. I mean not merely to spell out and pronounce the words, but to take in the full meaning of the printed page, to know what is best to read and where to find it. Remember that for nine children out of ten, after fifteen years of age there will be scarcely any training but books and the battle of life, and see that they are prepared for matriculation in that university. One very simple and very useful thing that might be done is to train children in the use of an encyclopedia, to get them into the "encyclopedia habit," to see that there is a good one, if not in every home, in every village and every ward of the city. I am not agent for any encyclopedia at ten cents a day, but it seems to me I have heard of such a thing.

Phillips Thompson thinks not.

The general advantages of a college education have been vastly overrated and its positively detrimental effects ignored. The main practical utility of a college course in after life is not the actual knowledge acquired—which, as a rule, is soon forgotten—or the habits of thought engendered—which are usually of the wrong kind—but the personal associations formed. The student makes

a lot of friends from whom, on the head of old-time friendship, he can borrow \$5 when hard up, or who will lend their influence to get him a position. This is a convenient pull to have, but so far as actual knowledge is concerned it is, after all, the education that a man gets in adult years that is the most important. Any reflective, studious man who will devote a portion of his leisure to study, can easily beat the average college graduate at his own game, because his efforts will be better directed and he will follow his natural bent instead of being crammed with a lot of largely useless material and hoary falsities. University training frequently induces a morbid self-consciousness, begotten of an undue deference to style and form, which makes a man so sensitive to adverse criticism that he is afraid to be himself. The training of a university tends to repress all individuality. The great difficulty with so many who set up as popular instructors is that they do not dare to think for themselves, but tamely accept all the time-honored ideals, thrash over the old chaff and limit their utterances strictly in accordance with tradition. College training tends to accentuate this tendency—graduates don't learn to think, but to repeat the thoughts of dead men—the longer they have been dead the better. The system of educating youths in slavish deference to "authorities" is destructive of all originality and true self-development. It makes men parrots and prigs. If anyone doubts this, just notice the depressing unanimity of opinion among college men on any really vital question; I don't mean mere temporary or political issues, but any question which goes to the root of things. This consensus of opinion is not natural—wouldn't exist if they had been taught to think. But they haven't; they have simply been compressed into the same intellectual mould. University education has spoiled many a bright and brainy youth. Just fancy what the world would have lost if Burns, Walt Whitman and Henry George had been college-bred!

Franklyn Gadsby says it is always valuable.

It is possible to be a Bachelor of Arts and yet a boor. However, that does not diminish my belief that a university education is always valuable, not so much for the book knowledge a man accumulates, but for the attitude of mind it induces, a sensibility to fine influences which is known as culture. When you rub against the *dii majores* of literature, science and philosophy for four years, some faint adumbration of the celestial contact must linger in your soul. It is a splendid thing to become familiar with great ideas, even though they be not your own. They tune your life to higher aspirations. Moreover, the educationists of fifty and a hundred years ago were perfectly right in their reverence for the "humanities," both on the grounds of utility and elegance. Time-thrifty college presidents, given over to mathematics and physical science, have been known to say, "Why incur the drudgery of digging for the thought of a Latin or a Grecian when the full essence of the original is available in translations? The mental energy could be better applied to practical investigation in physics or science." Such a dictum does not reckon with the value of these thought nuggets to be loosened from the mother lode, and the increased appreciation of them that comes from effort. If journalism is a profession—and I think it is—what better equipment can the journalist have than a good working knowledge of Greek and Latin? It gives him the very elements of the language he is using every day, and the words which others must seek laboriously in a dictionary, come pat to the tip of his tongue. Of course it is possible for a newspaper man, by browsing in the common avenues of thought, to get along with a vocabulary of eighteen hundred words, but I, for one, would hate to read him daily.

This is a most important subject and one that opens up the whole social and economic question. To answer briefly I would say "yes." The mind training that the student receives through the exercise of his mind, enables him to systematically concentrate thought, to dissect, analyze or formulate. It shows him how best to prosecute investigation, how to accomplish work, and how best to attempt the solution of the problem of life itself; in short, it quickens his powers of conception, judgment, and reasoning. This training must be of advantage to every son and daughter of Adam. Through the study of plant and animal life, he grasps the idea of organic unity that underlies all being, and thus grows into consciousness of his relationships to the world about him. The careless thinker may ask how the study of higher mathematics aids in the making of shoes, but this is the case, for one art helps another; or taking it from a woman's standpoint, to the uneducated it seems ridiculous that the study of physics and chemistry helps a woman to make good bread. This has been amply proven in the cooking schools of the day. In fact, the man or woman without a university education is at a great disadvantage.

Social and Personal.

A WHITE and silver wedding was Miss Mabel Cawthra's, and never have more picturesque and elegant toilettes been worn than decked the bride and her four maidens of Wednesday. A lowering sky kindly refrained from sending showers upon the bridal party, and everything was so perfectly arranged that the affair passed off with much grace and dignity. A small party (considering the extensive connection and visiting list of the bride and her mother) were invited to witness the wedding and attend the reception afterwards, but Toronto, to a woman, turned out, and, admitted by ticket, thronged the handsome old church of St. George in John street. At three o'clock the groom, Mr. Agar Adamson, and his best man, Mr. Jennings Taylor of Ottawa, took their places, and the bride's procession came up the aisle to the singing of the choir. In beautiful order, Miss Cawthra was given away by her only brother, Mr. W. Herbert Cawthra. She wore a lovely robe of Limerick lace over a filmy gown of chiffon, and a train of cloth of silver hung from her shoulders and was borne by two sweet little pages in white satin court dresses. A bridal veil and coronet of orange blossoms was also worn by the bride. Her bridesmaids were Miss Helen Beardmore of Chisleigh, Miss Marion Lindsay of St. Louis, Miss Louise James of Toronto, and Miss Maude Hendrie of the Holmstead, Hamilton. They were gowned in white Brussels net over satin, strewn with silver sequins, and wore court veils and feathers. The bouquets were of rosebuds and violets in the quaint, round shape *a la mode* in our grandmothers' time. The ushers wore *boutonnieres* to match them. The bride carried a church service in place of the usual bouquet. The rector, Rev. Canon Cayley, was the officiating minister, and the music was very fine; in addition to the full choral service, Miss Margaret Huston sang very sweetly an Ave Maria and the Swan Song from Lohengrin. The exceedingly smart party of guests were ushered to their seats by Mr. Charles McInnis, Mr. G. Heward, Mr. H. C. Osborne of Clover Hill, and Mr. Percy Manning. The church was very lovely with white mums and handsome palms, and the throng of eager sight-seers enjoyed glimpses of a very beautiful and artistic event as the bridal gown, with soft filmy laces and shimmer of silver, stood amid the towering palms and snowy blooms in the mellow light while the marriage ceremony proceeded. After the ceremony the bridal party and guests were driven to the home of the bride's mother, and in a bower of green and many beautiful flowers the young couple received the congratulations of their friends, after which the *dejeuner* was sumptuously served. As might be imagined where wealth, taste and affection had no limit, the gifts were very elegant, and Mrs. Adamson's *cadeaux des nocces* have rarely been equaled hereabouts. The departure of the bride and groom was made about five o'clock, and they took the train for the South. The wedding journey will be a novel one, including an equestrian tour in Mexico, and sure to be enjoyed by a couple so fond of horses and open-air exercise as are Mr. and Mrs. Agar Adamson. The bride's going-away gown was of gray cloth, with *toile* of velvet trimmed with mink. The groom gave the bride a fine set of amethysts and the bridesmaids sporty little jeweled silver hunting-pins, and the bride presented her maids with her picture in silver photo frames, and her ushers with cigarette cases of the modish gun-

metal. Mr. and Mrs. Agar Adamson will make their home in Ottawa.

Mr. R. M. Simpson of 16 Glen road, who has been seriously ill, is now convalescent.

Mrs. James B. Campbell (*nee* Bugg) will hold her first reception since her marriage on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 22 and 23, and afterwards on the first and second Tuesdays of the month at 59 Grenville street.

The first entertainment of the Bathurst League of School Art takes place next Tuesday evening, at McBean's Hall, corner of College street and Brunswick avenue. In addition to a musical programme Mrs. Dignam will lecture on Ancient Dutch Art, and Mrs. Jean Blewett will also be present.

True sports were the members of Wednesday's wedding party, and they followed the hounds at the meet on Tuesday. By the way, that was a rather serious accident which has laid up Mr. Adamson, brother of the groom, with several fractured bones, the result of a fall in the hunting field. On Friday evening the ante-nuptial dinner which honors the bridesmaids was given by Mrs. Cawthra in Beverley street. A bridesmaid from St. Louis, another from Hamilton and two from Toronto were the fair guests of honor.

A very charming reception was that given last week by Mrs. R. J. Lovell in her dainty new home in St. George street. From three until seven the bride received the hearty good wishes of her many friends. Miss Hilda Davis received with Mrs. Lovell in the drawing-room, and the graceful sisters looked well in handsome gowns, Mrs. Lovell's a rich pink brocade and Miss Davis's a becoming yellow satin. The serving in the tea-room was deftly managed by a quartette of very pretty girls. Miss Fanny Taylor wore a frock of blue taffeta; Miss Annie Richardson, pale blue *moire velour*; little Misses Edith Stewart and Edna Meredith had on poppy red and pink muslins. The tea-room was decorated in yellow, the candles, ribbons, and huge chrysanthemums all being the same bright tint. In future Mrs. Lovell will receive on the second and fourth Fridays.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Hope have returned to Montreal. Mr. and Mrs. George Carruthers have returned from a short visit in Port Huron. Miss Daisy Monahan is suffering from typhoid fever. Mrs. Monahan will remain abroad this winter.

Mrs. George A. Peters held her first post-nuptial reception last Tuesday at her beautiful home in College street. The bride wore a quiet gown of hunter's green, and was assisted by her sister, Mrs. James D. Thorburn. Miss Thorburn presided at the tea-table in the dining-room, and Mrs. Willie Gwynne poured tea. The table was pretty with pink carnations and ferns and an exquisitely embroidered center-piece, and all sorts of dainties were served by the ladies in charge of it. Mrs. Peters also received on Wednesday and a vast number of callers paid their *devoirs* to the wife of the clever and popular medico, Dr. Peters.

Major and Mrs. Pellatt have removed to their fine new residence in Sherbourne street, but Mrs. Pellatt is not yet ready to receive on the neighborhood day. Mr. and Mrs. James Tower Boyd are residing in the house lately occupied by Major Pellatt.

Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith and Miss Crooks sailed this week for England, and the hospitable Grange will be closed to visitors this winter. Judge and Mrs. Kingsmill are at Bonnie Castle for the winter. Captain and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick are at 4 Grange road. Mrs. Forester has been visiting Madame Duchesny in Quebec. Miss Agnes Danlop is expected on a visit to Toronto friends. By the way, Hamilton yachtsmen are to give a very smart ball on December 1, to and from which a special train will carry Toronto guests. The new hotel is to be the scene of this pleasant event.

We know now that the Canadian Contingent have safely covered 3,447 miles of the long journey to South Africa. The news that the steamship *Sardinian* had touched at Cape Verde came like a message from our soldier laddies, and when next we hear of them it will be from Cape Town, which is said to be 7,015 miles from Quebec. Interest will then grow more intense, and news, which is bound to be good and brave, will be anxiously awaited day by day.

The *Times* of October 27 gives a detailed account of the battle of Elandsbaagte, and Torontonians will be proud to hear that the company of Devonshires, which captured the Boer guns, was commanded by Captain Morris, who is a son of Mr. Edmund Morris, inspector of the Ontario Bank here.

The hunters are returning from the wilds up north, and venison dinners will soon be the latest pleasure to a holiday which many a busy man looks forward to from one year to another.

The Bank of Montreal here has two of its staff away enjoying honeymoons—Messrs. Laidlaw and Sewell are the fortunate men.

The Toronto Athletic Club in College street is to meet a fate undreamed of in the opening years of its existence, when club dinners, concerts and dances were in all their glory. The place—lock, stock and barrel—is to go under the auctioneer's hammer on December 5—a sad fate for anything so young and beautiful.

On next Thursday evening Miss Violet Gooderham, Miss James, Miss Temple Dixon and Dr. T. B. Richardson will present an interesting programme at St. Peter's schoolhouse in Bleecker street. The concert proceeds are to be devoted to the incidental expense fund of the parish work and charities outside the direct church expenses. This concert occurs on the same evening as Mrs. Bain's dance, which is, fortunately, near enough to enable the friends of the above enumerated artists to enjoy both events, as the concert programme is not to be long.

The Canadian Club has been active again. They have erected tablets at three historical places in Toronto, the Old Fort, St. John's square burying-ground, and the Old Parliament Buildings. The inscriptions give a short concise history of each place. The other places soon to be marked similarly are: The Palace of the first Anglican Bishop of Toronto, and the sites of the second Toronto Court House and Jail, the first Legislative Buildings of the Province of Upper Canada, and Castle Frank.

Hardly a week passes but some well known Toronto people go to Shea's Theater for the first time. The first visit is usually made somewhat in the capacity of Mrs. McFadyen, the sermon-taster. All are charmed with the dainty beauty of the decorations, and a good class of patronage is assured, as the entertainment provided is kept up to the standard of Toronto taste, which is not exactly like that of other cities.

Mrs. Harcourt of 113 St. George street gives an afternoon reception next Wednesday, from 4.30 to 7. On Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra gave a dinner in honor of their guest, Mr. Taylor of Ottawa, who came down to be best man at the Adamson-Cawthra wedding on Wednesday.

Next week we shall dance. The *Poudre* on the 21st, Trinity on the 22nd and the Argonaut ball on the 23th, with a couple of house dances for the off nights, will send many a pretty girl sleepy to bed and late to rise, and enlarge the cranium of many a society boy.

Mrs. L. McKellar, of 61 Wellesley street, receives on the third and fourth Mondays of the month.

Mrs. Edwin Thomas has gone south for a visit of some weeks. Mrs. Bain of Wellesley street gives a dance next Thursday evening.

On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. James gave a dinner to the bridal party which attended Miss Cawthra and Mr. Agar Adamson at their marriage on Wednesday afternoon. It was quite a brilliant affair, worthy of the traditions of the beautiful home in which the host and hostess are now residing. Beside the wedding party were the following among other guests: Mr. and Mrs. W. Herbert Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Mrs. Fiske and Mr. George Beardmore, Mr. J. G. and Miss Lella Macdonald, Captain and the Misses Kingsmill, Miss Violet Langmuir, Miss Paterson, Miss Lella Mackay, Miss Constance Beardmore, Miss Helen Macdonald, Messrs. C. McInnes, Scott Griffin, H. Osborne, G. Heward, and Mr. and Mrs. Hudson of St. Louis, who are visiting Mrs. James.

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Social and Personal.

The engagement of Mr. Walter H. Allworth and Miss Lillian Hamilton, daughter of Mr. R. C. Hamilton of 88 St. Mary street, is announced. The marriage will take place in January.

Miss DuMoulin of Hamilton was in town for a short visit to Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien, and returned home on Monday. Mr. O'Brien's health has not improved and his devoted wife and friends are anxious on his account.

Mrs. Coburn (nee Lash) paid a short visit to her parents, accompanied by Mr. Coburn, this week. On Tuesday many friends called on her in Broadalbane street. Mr. and Mrs. Coburn returned to Walkerville yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Burritt have returned from their honeymoon. Dr. Andrew Smith was in New York for the Horse Show. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Cameron and Mrs. Gibson also went down for that smart event. Mr. George Stimson visited New York, and took great interest in the show, as becomes a lover and owner of smart nags. Mr. and Mrs. Tate of Lakeside were also in Gotham on their wedding tour. Mrs. Tate (nee Strickland) looked a charming and happy bride.

On Thursday of last week Mrs. Hodgins gave a largely attended tea for her new relative, Mrs. Frank Hodgins, at her residence in Pembroke street. Nowhere in Toronto is there a more delightfully genial hostess than Mrs. Hodgins, who introduced Mrs. Frank in her own charming way. Tea was served very temptingly in the dining-room, at a table decorated with white chrysanthemums, and a rather late hour saw the last guest depart. This season will be remembered, I fancy, as the year of weddings and bridal receptions, of which there never was a greater number.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn gave a couple of dinner parties in honor of Mr. Black, an Edinburgh visitor in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mackenzie, and Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Coulson, are Torontonians who visited New York this last week.

The prettiest of little brides is Mrs. Gooderham of Beverley street, whose Wednesdays are generally crowded reception hours. Mrs. Gooderham is in Capt. Forbes Michie's house for the winter. Captain Michie went up to Gravenhurst for a short visit at the week's end. Mrs. Michie continues to improve and has gained several pounds.

Mrs. Poynts Perrin gave a very largely attended tea on Wednesday afternoon at her residence in Blecker street, only ladies being invited. Miss Butler received with the hostess as a resident guest, being on a visit from her home in Walkerton with Miss Perrin, who is, I hear, to return with Miss Butler. The guest of honor, a very pretty and charming girl, was in a white frock, with touches of pink. Miss Perrin, Mrs. Dorset Birchall,

Miss McWilliams, and other young ladies were kept very busy in the dining-room, where a buffet, very daintily done in pink, center-piece and chrysanthemums with ribbons, was set with many good things, and the rosy tint was carried out in the refreshments. Among the many guests I noticed: Mrs. Pellatt, Mrs. R. B. Hamilton, Mrs. Benjamin, Mrs. Frank Benjamin, Mrs. W. S. Lee, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Newman, the Misses Fuller, Mrs. Francis Richardson, Mrs. Neville, Mrs. S. Alfred Jones, Mrs. T. Brodie, Mrs. Alfred Wright and her bright sister, Miss Tottie Nichol, Mrs. A. R. Denison, Mrs. Walter Stewart, Mrs. George Shaw, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Sykes, Mrs. William Stewart, Mrs. Kleiser and Miss Adelaide Maynard.

The following ladies have kindly consented to act as patronesses at the 'Varsity athletic dance on Wednesday, Nov. 29: Miss Mowat, Mr. Ross, Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Harcourt, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. McCurdy, Mrs. McPhedran, Mrs. Galbraith and Miss Salter. The invitations, limited to 400, may be obtained after Monday from the secretary or some member of the committee, the price being \$1. The interest in the event is greater than ever around Varsity, and indications point that very many will be present to meet with Varsity's athletes.

The marriage of Mr. John C. Dill and Miss Eva C. Richardson was solemnized at the residence of the bride's parents, 78 Clinton street, on Thursday of last week by Rev. S. S. Bates, pastor of the College street Baptist church. The bride was becomingly attired in white mousseline de soie, and carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums. She was attended by her sister, Miss Ethel Richardson, who wore white muslin over blue. There was also a charming little maid-of-honor, Miss Hazel Beggs, who wore white muslin over pink. The groomsmen was the groom's brother, Mr. Wm. S. Dill.

The demand for tickets for the St. Andrew's dinner, which is to be held at the Queen's Hotel on St. Andrew's night, has exceeded all previous years. The popular and eloquent pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Dr. Black, is to respond to the toast of the day and all who honor it. Mr. Mortimer Clark will take the chair, and the dinner will doubtless be a gastronomic apotheosis, such as mine host, Winnett, knows how to offer to his guests.

Mrs. Gundy and Mrs. J. H. Denton will be at home to their friends on the first and third Tuesdays at 840 Huron street. Mrs. S. B. Gundy will be at home at 23 Dunbar road on Mondays, excepting the third.

Mrs. Somerville will not receive at Atherly until the first Monday in December.

Mrs. Frank Hodgins held her post-nuptial reception at Cloynewood on Monday, when scores of friends called to bid welcome to as bright and jolly a bride as ever received congratulations. Mrs. Hodgins has so many friends who know her and esteem her for her frank wholeheartedness, that the stream of callers would have been great even without those who greeted her as a new acquisition to their list of friends. As it was, everybody seemed to be either going to or coming from Cloynewood on Monday.

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hostess in Toronto is always cordial and interested, was another home to which, on Monday, many bent their steps to greet Rev. Sutherland Macklem and Mrs. Macklem, who are out from England, and the guests of Mr. Macklem's mother, Mrs. Becher. Mrs. Macklem has happily

recovered from her serious illness of some time ago, and was very happy to see so many old friends. On Tuesday Mrs. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick gave a tea in her honor at her home in the west end.

Dr. and Mrs. Edward Fisher are at Mrs. Mead's for the winter, until their fine new residence in Rosedale is completed.

Mrs. Walter Barwick, who has been abroad, has returned to Canada, via New York, by the Oceanic.

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A Dog of the Regiment.

BY L. J. BATES.

HE'S a pattern of discipline, that's a fact, Tommy. It's discipline that makes the value of a man or a beast. How do a few companies of Uncle Sam's soldiers hold this country against whole tribes of Indians? Discipline does it, my boy. If my men would only take drill like your dog, I'd make Company F the best soldiers in the world. But they won't—they won't. Your pup is worth a year's pay, if only for an example to the regiment of perfect discipline. And you've only been six months drilling him from a raw recruit. It's simply wonderful!"

Two army wagons, one laden with provisions, the other with ammunition, guarded by a dozen infantrymen, with two teamsters and a scout, under command of Second Lieutenant Wormley, had halted and formed camp for the night upon the top of a low tongue of bluffs overlooking the great Platte River valley. The time was a November afternoon in 1867, the year when the Cheyennes and the affiliated Sioux attempted to stop the construction of the Union Pacific Railway, and spread murder and pillage over a wide region.

Each wagon was drawn by six mules. These, with the mustangs of the lieutenant and wagonmaster, were picketed to a rope a little distance away, but the mustang of the scout was tied to a wheel inside the defence of the wagons. The wagons were arranged end to end across the narrow neck of the projecting ridge, forming a barrier against a charge on that side of the camp.

In front and on both flanks the ground pitched sharply down to the prairie of the river bottom. At the base of the ridge was a small spring of clear water. The soldiers had already lighted three or four fires of brush and buffalo chips, about which they were heating their coffee.

Drill Sergeant Becker had been strolling over the camp, looking to its proper disposition. Things never were and never could be precisely right, in his opinion, so long as soldiers are soldiers; but having arranged things as near perfection according to the army rules as he could, he was seated upon a wagon-tongue, listening to his favorite, Tommy Brattle, aged fifteen years, son of the wagonmaster.

Tommy had been boasting of the merits of his dog, Moro, a tall Maltese-blue greyhound, that looked, as he gambolled about them, a perfect canine athlete, strong as a bulldog, lithe as a cat. Tommy had taught his dog many useful accomplishments. He was trained to hate and avoid Indians, to go home to the fort from any distance, besides various tricks. While they talked the scout came to them, grumbling.

"I don't like this camp," he said to the sergeant. "We ought to have pushed for the river. It's only a mile and a half away. We ought to have camped on an island, under timber. But the lieutenant won't hear advice."

"What's the matter with this camp?" answered the sergeant. "I call it as pretty a position as a soldier need wish for—a ridge with a narrow neck in the rear covered by these wagons, a steep pitch in front and on both flanks, a level prairie all around, in which even a jack-rabbit can't hide, and a spring close by. Here we can stand off all the Indians in the Platte Valley. Besides, you reported that there isn't a sign of an Indian within twenty miles."

"Not that I can see. But if there is an Indian within twenty miles he knows where we are. Every one of these fires is sending up a smoke-signal."

"Smoke?" said the sergeant. "Why, there isn't smoke enough to see: they're as clear fires as ever burned."

"So you think. But they make smoke enough for an Indian to read twenty miles away. Soldiers can't make clear fires. It's growing dusk, and soon every fire will show its glow in the sky. We ought to have camped on an island in the river, where trees and bushes would hide the camp, keep down the smoke, and shade the glow from the sky. There we could make a little fort with the wagons, brush, logs and sand, to shelter the teams, and scatter the men about the edge in rifle-pits, behind willows, logs and trees, with open water in front that no Indian could cross. Those mules ought to be brought inside the wagons."

"Maybe that," acknowledged the sergeant.

"They're right in line of our fire. By daylight we could stand off a big Indian force, but a charge in the dark will carry off every blessed mule. And a long fire from the hills and prairie will drop here mighty unpleasant. The Indians will have the hill for a big center and mark to shoot at, while we will have the whole country to waste our fire on. If it is what you soldiers call a strong position. Soldiers never will learn the ways of Indian fighting, now!"

He went off grumbling, but only succeeded in having the sentries cautioned to keep a bright lookout with both eyes and ears.

The day had been fair for late November, but night came on dark and gusty. The sentries could not see a dozen yards, or distinguish sounds amid the rushes of the wind along the withered herbage of the bluffs and prairie.

About two o'clock in the morning there was a sudden violent downpour of rain and hail. In the midst of this dark and gusty squall the camp was charged by a large body of Indians, whose horses were unheard until they burst upon the picket-line. All the mules and mustangs were swept away. A mob of wild warriors rushed yelling up to the wagon-line, where their rearing mustangs were checked by the unexpected obstruction.

A score or more swept around each flank

of the wagon line into the camp. Only the active exertions of Lieutenant Wormley on one flank and Sergeant Becker on the other succeeded in repelling them, after ten minutes of desperate fighting in the dark. Meanwhile the camp had been searched in every direction by a close rifle fire.

But as the surprised soldiers gradually drew into line and cleared their flanks, the Indians vanished as suddenly as they came. Then followed a desultory and aimless firing into the dark. The squall passed away. Then the lieutenant and sergeant guessed at their losses as best they could in the dark.

All the animals were gone except the pony of the scout, which had been tied inside of the wagons. Of the two sentries with the picket-line of mules, one had been killed outright; the other crawled into the camp desperately wounded. Two other sentries had been killed. Inside the camp seven men were wounded, two mortally.

Lieutenant Wormley was shot through the flesh of his upper left arm, and the ball also plowed a furrow across his left breast. Sergeant Becker received a hatchet-cut on his right shoulder.

No doubt the Indians had also suffered. The bodies of four horses lay close to the wagons outside. But they had carried off their killed and wounded.

During the fight Tommy, who had been sleeping in the ammunition wagon, did his duty like a man. He fired at least a dozen shots from his cover in the wagon, and was as likely to hit the enemy as anybody in that confused fusillade in the dark.

Moro did his duty, also. He plunged into the crowd of Indians and came back growling, after their retreat, with a gash several inches long through the skin on the back of his neck, evidently inflicted by the stroke of a knife in a feeble hand.

It must not be supposed that Tommy was a singular boy hero. He was a brave lad, but no braver than dozens everywhere. That he was not frightened out of his wits by the sudden turmoil, was due to his training. This was the sort of thing he had long been taught to expect. But the lieutenant, sergeant and men praised his pluck afterward, when they got time to pay him attention.

Just now the situation was too desperate for anybody to notice Tommy. A distant, dropping fire was now sprinkling on the camp from the ravines, bluffs and prairie. Flashes in the darkness, from changing positions and at unknown distances, gave the soldiers no mark to shoot at. They could only fire at random at the whole face of the country.

While several returned this fire, shooting at the flashes, the others bandaged the wounds of the hurt as well as they could in the dark, for to show a light would give the Indians a mark to aim at. Then the wagons were shifted and overturned upon their sides, so as to form an angle. Across the open end of this angle the men raised a low mound by digging the hard soil with their bayonets and tin plates. In this way they slowly made a little fort, large enough to shelter them all.

Luckily only an occasional bullet came among them. The near and level fire was stopped by their defences. Balls from the prairie, shooting upward, went over them. It was only the faraway, dropping shots that were dangerous. Some of them hit at long intervals, although care was taken not to fire from the fort, so that the Indians could not tell exactly where it was from the flashes.

As soon as the defences were fairly under way, the lieutenant despatched the scout to the fort, thirty miles distant, with news of their situation. Stripping himself and his mustang to their lightest weight, the scout stole from the hill in one of the gusty rushes of rain, and the watchers knew that he got safely off from there being no rifle-flashes along the route he was to take.

His last words were: "It's mighty hard I've got to throw my life away when my advice was refused. But a man can only die once, and I'm on my duty."

By and by morning dawned, cold and gray. The wind shifted northward, and the temperature fell to below freezing. By steady work, the little fort grew stronger hourly. Nevertheless, more shots dropped into it as soon as the Indians could see the position.

During the darkness, also, several Indians had established themselves in shelters whence they commanded the spring. Luckily a barrel had been filled with water for the camp the evening before, and this was carefully sheltered in the angle of the wagons. But the wounded were growing feverish and constantly called for water, so that the supply diminished fast.

Now the lieutenant knew all their losses. By ten in the morning there were but four men left unscathed of his original seventeen, including officers. Of the wounded, however, more than half could still fire from the defences. But the only hope was in the success of the scout who had gone to the distant fort for succor.

About noon a fresh party of Indians rode up from the direction of the fort. Immediately one of them led out a horse, at a safe distance, turning him broadside to the camp. Another waved a hat. Both horse and hat were recognized at once as belonging to the scout. He had been cut off and killed by this party.

The men noted this failure of their only hope with sullen stubbornness. Having burrowed themselves into comparative safety, they could hold their fort, at the worst, for a long time. Meanwhile the cold increased.

At two o'clock snow began to fall. In an hour there was a white carpet an inch deep all over the country.

Lieutenant Wormley called the unwounded men into the angle of their fort, where, nursing his hurt pride and wounded arm, he stated their situation clearly, that the men might know the worst. To spare even one unwounded man would seriously weaken his force. But one must go to the distant fort for succor as soon as darkness would cover his movements. He would have to go on foot, as their last horse was gone. The snow would reveal his track. It was a forlorn hope. Would any one of them volunteer?

He was answered by silence. Then he produced a tin cup, into which he put four beans, three white, one red. He shook the cup and had them draw lots. The red bean fell to the youngest man. He eyed the fatal token in his palm near half a minute. Then he sighed heavily, drew himself up, saluted, and said, quietly: "It's certain death, but I'll be ready, sir."

Tommy interfered. He had been watching out of a loophole in the angle. "If it's a messenger to the fort you want," he said, "I can send Moro. He's trained to go to the fort from any distance when I order him. He'll do it in two hours. No Indian can stop him or hit him running. Tie your despatch to his collar, and he can start now—no need to wait till dark—and you can see how he'll go through those reds, flying, sir!"

The lieutenant's face brightened. He did not trust himself to speak, but reached out his unwounded arm and shook Tommy's hand heartily. In five minutes a despatch was prepared, wrapped from wet in a bit cut from a rubber blanket, and tied securely to Moro's collar. During this operation the dog looked in Tommy's face, whining interrogatively. He seemed to understand that some great service was about to be required of him. When all was ready, Tommy raised a finger, pointing impressively over the valley.

"Moro, go home! Go to the fort! Go!" The dog leaped the low wall and loped easily down the slope and out upon the prairie. At first the Indians paid no attention to him. But as he sped away over the bottom they suddenly became aware that he was a messenger.

Bullets hailed about him, sending up spurts of snow. At the first of these Moro broke into full speed. Several Indians mounted in haste, and rode to head him off. They might as well have tried to head off a streak of lightning, or have shot at a drifting shadow.

The lieutenant watched Moro through his glass until he disappeared, a blue speck in the distance, still going at that prodigious, steady velocity that no living thing except a thoroughbred greyhound can equal. Then he turned to the men and cried cheerfully: "Boys, we've got 'em this time! We'll have a relief from the fort before daylight to-morrow morning!"

He shook hands again with Tommy, and the men cheered, even the wounded. Their sullen courage brightened into brave hope. Several who had been reckless in desperate exposure suddenly grew careful of themselves, and all worked eagerly still further bettering their defences.

Aware now that their chance was passing, the Indians pressed their attack. Twice before midnight, they tried a determined rush, but were driven back.

The garrison, closely covered, cared little for Indian charges or a close and level fire. It was only the distant balls, shot at the sky, that could plunge downward into their shelters, and even this they were now pretty well guarded against.

About midnight the Indians suddenly disappeared. Soon afterward a strong detachment of cavalry galloped up, ending before them a bugle blast that was gladly answered. Moro had made his thirty miles inside of two hours, and a relief force was instantly sent out.

Moro became the pet of the regiment and the special pride of Company F. So long as he lived he wore a silver plate on his collar engraved with the legend: "Moro, Co. F, Ninth U.S.I."

Tommy graduated from the army trains into the mines; from mining to founding a city, of which he was the first mayor and is the wealthiest citizen. As Sergeant Becker always maintained, "Discipline did it."—*Youth's Companion*.

A Trying Experience.

A Nova Scotia Farmer Suffered for Fifteen Years.

Consulted Four Doctors, But the Only Relief They Gave Him Was Through Injections of Morphine—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him to Health and Activity.

From the News, Truro, N.S.

Mr. Robert Wright of Alton, Cochester county, N.S., is now one of the hardiest and hardest working farmers in this section. But Mr. Wright was not always blessed with perfect health; as a matter of fact for some fifteen years he was a martyr to what appeared to be an incurable trouble. In conversation lately with a *News* reporter, Mr. Wright said: "I am indeed grateful that the trouble which bothered me for so many years is gone, and I am quite willing to give you the particulars for publication. It is a good many years since my trouble first began, slight at first, but later intensely severe pains in the back. Usually the pains attacked me when working or lifting, but often when not at work at all. With every attack the pains seemed to grow worse, until finally I was confined to the house, and there for five long months was bed-ridden, and much of this time could not move without help. My wife required to stay with me constantly, and became nearly exhausted."

"During the time I was suffering thus I was attended by four different doctors. Some of them pronounced my trouble lumbago, others sciatica, but they did not cure me, nor did they give me any relief, save by the injection of morphine. For years I suffered thus, sometimes confined to bed, at other times able to go about and work, but always suffering from

the pain, until about three years ago when I received a new lease of life, and a freedom from the pains that had so long tortured me. It was at this time that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People were brought to my attention and I got two boxes. The effect seemed marvelous and I got six boxes more, and before they were all used I was again a healthy man and free from pain. It is about three years since I was cured, and during that time I have never had an attack of the old trouble, and I can therefore strongly testify to the sterling quality of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Since they did such good work for me I have recommended them to several people for various ailments, and the pills have always been successful."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

The Use of Lyddite Shells.

CONSIDERABLE comment has been occasioned by the protest sent in by General Joubert to General White because the British have been using lyddite shells. Lyddite appears to be a terrible explosive, and opinion differs with regard to the protest of the Boer General, some almost gleefully informing us that one lyddite shell accurately dropped can slay three hundred men, while others are inclined to regard as evidence that Joubert's complaint is a reasonable one. That joyous war paper, the *London Daily Mail*, retorts upon the Boer General by asking:

What would General Joubert have said had the Kafirs—the Zulus and the Swazis whom his ancestors claim to have conquered—sent in a message to the Boers that rifles were not fair or humane weapons to use, and that nothing more deadly than the assegai ought to be employed?

Perhaps that is a fair question, as the real purpose of war is to kill, wound, capture and defeat the enemy, and as lyddite shells are no more in advance of ordinary shells than rifles are in advance of assegai. At the recent international conference an endeavor was made to rule out, not high explosives, but such arms as made death or injury unnecessarily cruel and painful. War at the best is inhuman, and the only real test to which we can put Great Britain's action in using lyddite is to enquire whether other nations are using it. On this point the *London paper* already quoted says:

As a matter of fact, lyddite in some form or other is used by every civilized army and navy in Europe. It would be in the hands of the Transvaal artillerymen did not its manipulation require an extraordinary amount of skill and prudence. In the form of melinite it is supplied to all French warships and to all French field batteries. Variants of this high explosive are found in the German, Austrian, Italian, and even Russian armies. We say "even Russian," since the Czar, in his peace manifesto, proposed to rule high explosives out of the game, but possibly because his own military authorities informed him of the true facts about these high explosives, withdrew his proposal. High explosives may be said to have received the sanction of Europe at the Peace Conference, and their use is just as humane as the employment by the Boers of the automatic 37-millimetre gun, which is described as vomiting death in a continuous stream of shells. Because our army in Natal is without such weapons, we might as well tell General Joubert that their use is inhuman.

The same paper goes on to say that if the Boers do not like lyddite, they have a very obvious remedy—to keep out of range. There is nothing that really compels them to bombard Ladysmith, and if they will move back fifteen miles or so they will, for the present at least, have nothing to complain of. This may be a smart way of putting it, but seriously there seems little use of singling out any one shell for censure where all are terrible enough and where the object of both armies is to kill and cripple the men of the other. War deals wholesale in death, so why balk at the acme of perfection in destructiveness, the more especially perhaps that it is our own army that has the lyddite!

Baby Party at Newport.

ACCORDING to the *Springfield Republican*, some of the young persons in the social swim who have prolonged their stay in Newport hit upon a novel plan to entertain themselves recently. When a "baby party" was announced, Mrs. William Post, who had issued the cards, was besieged with enquiries. Miss Daisy Post, her daughter, explained that the guests would be expected to wear baby garments at dinner and at the dance that would follow. The guests kept from the others all knowledge of how they intended to dress, and when they met in the reception room of the Post villa and were received by Mrs. Post and her daughter, the scene was ludicrous. Miss Edith Gray was the last to arrive, and her entrance was triumphant. She wore a long, white christening robe, that extended to the floor, and a lace cap enlarded her chubby face. The "infant" was reclining in an improvised baby-carriage, which was pushed by Robert L. Gerry, attired in plaid kilts and a black blouse. A plaid Scotch cap completed his costume. Miss Pitt Potter looked pretty in a short red dress, which reached just below her knees. A white pinafore and a red sun-bonnet completed the costume. Miss Potter carried a tiny shovel and pail, as if ready for a morning on the sands of the beach. Miss Edith Clapp was clad in a blue gingham Kate Greenaway frock, and carried a rag doll and dragged a tiny cart. J. Ellis Postlewhite looked like the whistling boy in the Old Homestead, clad in a brown Holland frock and wearing a blonde wig. Potter Palmer, Jr., looked "cute" in a Little Lord Fauntleroy rig of blue velvet, with a broad white linen collar and cuffs. A bang wig with flowing blonde curls graced the

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cherubic face of the young Chicagoan. Miss Elsie French made a hit in her baby costume of white muslin over red, with a dainty hat to match. After dinner the young folks played baby games, and later danced to the music of a Hungarian orchestra.

Frank—Blanche pinned a tiny flatiron on my coat last night. Dick—Do you know what that means? Frank—No. Dick—Why, she wants you to press your suit.—*Chicago News*.

"I want to see Mrs. Smythe," said the visitor. "You can't," said the servant; "she has the toothache." "You must be mistaken," the man replied; "I am her dentist, and I have her teeth here in this package."—*Ex.*

"You are half an hour late at our appointment, Mr. Thompkins." "Yes; I stopped to get my luncheon." "Well, be kind enough to sit down and wait while I go out and get mine."—*Chicago Record*.

Optician—I've been swindled with a counterfeit twenty-dollar bank-note. Great detective—Go home and say nothing. Your business will be ruined if it becomes known that you can't see better than that.—*Jewelers' Weekly*.

Twitler—I hear you had a sneak thief at your house last night. Did a pretty fair job, didn't he? Trotter—Well, yes. In fact, he left nothing to be desired.—*Town Topics*.

Lecturer—And what man is most apt to reach that elevation whence the earth may be viewed as one vast plain? Voice (in the audience)—The one that works in a powder-mill.—*Life*.

"Marriage," said the proverb-quoter, "is a lottery." "Yes," answered the Sultan of Sulu as he sadly waved his hand toward the harem, "and there's a bunch of blanks."—*Washington Star*.

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Meeting Papa

A Farce. BY MARY DWIGHT. Characters.

MR. FRANKLIN GODDARD, of New Haven, an irascible gentleman. MR. MELVILLE SALISBURY BARRINGTON, of Virginia.

MR. WILLIAM NOTT, friend of Mr. Goddard. MISS MARIAN GODDARD, daughter of Mr. Goddard. BERTHA, a maid. A POLICEMAN. POPULACE.

SCENE I. MT. DESERT, CLOSE OF SUMMER OF '98. MISS GODDARD (softly) - Are you sure you will not forget me?

MR. BARRINGTON (severely) - I only wish I were as sure of your remembering me.

MISS GODDARD - Prove it by coming to see me next winter. Besides I want you to meet Papa. Too bad he had to leave before you came.

MR. BARRINGTON - New Haven is a long way from Virginia, and I can't often get a vacation like this; but all the same I shall surely come.

SCENE II. NEW HAVEN - HOUSE OF MR. GODDARD - THREE MONTHS LATER.

MR. GODDARD (gazing intently from window) - A young man with a huge bag coming into the yard! Another one of those odious book agents! That's the third today! (After listening intently.) There, Bertha's letting him in. I told her not to allow another one to set foot inside the house.

(Enter Bertha.) BERTHA - A gentleman to see Miss Goddard.

MR. GODDARD (fiercely, without glancing at the card which Bertha holds) - I shall see him myself. They always ask for the lady of the house. Think they can impose on them more easily. (Mr. Goddard rushes downstairs. Discovers Mr. Barrington seated in the reception room. He is surrounded by pictures which Miss Goddard has that morning taken down to hang, and which are ranged around the floor.)

MR. GODDARD (gazing furiously about) - No; I don't want any pictures. It was useless for you to unpack them. I never buy of any but reputable dealers. (Glancing at the pictures with a dim sense of having seen them before.) Besides, these are imitations of fine pictures which I already have.

MR. BARRINGTON (gasping) - I assure you - I don't let me explain.

MR. GODDARD - Oh, I know what you want to say. You don't wish me to buy - just to see them. I won't look at them. I heartily despise the system of going from house to house forcing goods on helpless people. It's an outrage, an -

MR. BARRINGTON - It's a mistake, I assure you -

MR. GODDARD (his rage increasing) - I know what you are; an unmitigated nuisance! Here, sir, take your pictures! (Forces them into the arms of the feebly resisting Barrington.) No; you can't leave them on approval. I've been cheated that way before! (While speaking, he adds the remaining pictures to the heap in Barrington's arms, and pushes him, still protesting incoherently, to the outer door.)

SCENE III. THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE GODDARD'S HOUSE.

MR. BARRINGTON (his arms full of pictures and a dazed look on his face) - By Jove! a lively reception for a fellow who comes from Virginia to call on a girl! Wants me to "meet Papa," does she. Can't say I'm so eager myself. He seems a trifle too excited for my taste. Nice situation; in a strange city with my arms full of another man's pictures. Why, I may be taken up for highway robbery at any moment. What the deuce shall I do with these things? I daren't face that old dragon again. (Looks at the house doubtfully.) Oh, I've got it! If I can elude "Papa's" vigilance long enough to sneak up on that porch, I'll leave them there. Somebody in the house is sure to find them. (He creeps stealthily along the fence in a crouching attitude, and in his absorbed watch of the house fails to observe the approaching figure of Mr. William Nott, till that gentleman seizes him by the collar.)

MR. NOTT - I've caught you, you sneak thief! What you got there? Pictures! Goddard's, too! I recognize them. (Shakes him fiercely.)

MR. BARRINGTON (somewhat handicapped by his load of pictures, to which he still clings desperately) - Let me go, you fool! I've been calling on Mr. Goddard.

MR. NOTT (derisively) - Calling! you look like it. I suppose he gave you those pictures as a souvenir of your visit. We'll see what Goddard has to say about it.

MR. BARRINGTON (with signs of abject fear) - No! No! Mr. Goddard wouldn't understand. He thinks I am a picture-dealer.

MR. NOTT - Picture-dealer! I thought you said you were a caller.

MR. BARRINGTON - I was, er - at least I meant to be. Oh, let me explain.

MR. NOTT - You can explain at the police court.

(Mr. Barrington, hampered by his desire to preserve the Goddards' property from injury, struggles ineffectually to free himself, amid the jeers of the populace, which has begun to assemble, and which, by a remarkable chance, includes the Law.)

MR. NOTT - Here, officer, this man's been stealing pictures from this house. (Officer seizes Barrington and drags him, in spite of his frenzied struggles, into the house.)

SCENE IV. MR. GODDARD'S LIBRARY. (Enter Miss Goddard. Discovers Barrington's card on table.)

MISS GODDARD - Mr. Melville Salisbury Barrington! He here! When did he come? Where is he?

MR. GODDARD - I don't know anything about it. There's been no one here but a

picture agent. I kicked him out of the house.

(Door bell rings violently. Excited voices are heard in the hall. Mr. and Miss Goddard hasten into hall. They meet Mr. Nott and the policeman. Between them is Barrington, hatless, his coat torn, pictures of all sizes grasped firmly in his arms.)

MISS GODDARD - Mr. Barrington! MR. GODDARD - You infernal - MR. NOTT - I caught him just making off with -

MISS GODDARD - Mr. Barrington, what has happened? Why, these are my pictures!

MR. GODDARD - Yours! MR. BARRINGTON - Let me explain. I came from Virginia to call on you, Miss Goddard. I was ushered into a room with a number of pictures leaning against the wall. This gentleman (indicating Mr. Goddard) entered, mistook me for a picture agent and turned me out with these pictures, which he thought mine. This gentleman (glancing towards Mr. Nott) found me outside, mistook me for a thief and had me arrested.

MISS GODDARD - How funny! How dreadful! How can we ever apologize to you? Come in, both of you. But first, Mr. Barrington, let me introduce you to papa.

About fifty kinds of bark are used in the manufacture of paper. About two hundred different brands of tea have been put on the market to imitate the world renowned "Salada" Ceylon Tea, but as the name "Salada" is used under Government protection, watch carefully for this and you are safe.

The King's Joke. A RATHER good story ament the King of the Belgians comes from Brabant. His Majesty had ordered the royal train to await him at a certain station. On his arrival the stationmaster, who did not know who he was, pushed him back, saying, "Your pardon, sir, but there is no train due for the next two hours, and no one is allowed on the platform till his majesty the king has left." Perceiving that his identity was unknown, Leopold, who enjoys a joke immensely, resolved to amuse himself at the man's expense. Pretending to get angry, he tried to push past the tubby little individual who barred his way, exclaiming, "Get out of the way! there is a train waiting at the platform: you'll make me lose it, you idiot."

"You can't go by that, sir; it's the royal train, and is waiting for King Leopold!"

"I don't care if it's for the Czar!" cried Leopold. "I'm going by that train, and you sha'n't prevent me!"

The worthy stationmaster began to get angry. "I'm master of this station, and I order you to get out before I have to put you out!"

Leopold refused point blank to go out, and defied the little man to put him out, and matters had reached this interesting stage, when the Count d'Oultremont appeared on the scene, and addressed the king by his title. The stationmaster's surprise and fright was positively ludicrous, and the king met his apologies with that smiling good humor which is so characteristic of the man.

A Lucky Millionaire. When Menier, the millionaire chocolate king, bought the Island of Anticosti, it was improbable that he had any thought of advertising Chocolate-Menier by his action. But an enterprising press have devoted so much attention to Menier and his supposed doings that he must have received thousands of dollars worth of indirect advertising entirely free. The sale of Chocolate-Menier is already so enormous - over thirty-three million pounds per annum - that it may not appear to need much booming. However, it is always to those that have much that much is given.

Enfant Terrible - Mrs. Myles was praising you to-day, mamma, to Mrs. Renwick. I was on the other side of the garden wall, and heard 'em. Mamma - What did she say? Enfant Terrible - She said there were worse old gossips than you in the town.

Railroad Grammar. "What was the next station?" "You mean what is the next station?" "No. What was it, isn't it?" "That doesn't make any difference. Is it was, but was is not necessarily is."

"Look here; what was, is, and what is, is. Is was is or is was is."

"Nonsense. Was may be is, but is is not was. Is was was, but if was was is, then is isn't is or was wasn't was. If was is, was is was, isn't it? But if is is was then -"

"Listen. Is is, was was, and is was and was is; therefore is was is and was is was, and if was was is, is is is, and was

Look Here! WESTMINSTER, B. C. "I was for some weeks suffering from a cold in the head, which was apparently developing into catarrh. I purchased a box of Japanese Catarrh Cure, and in less than two days the trouble entirely disappeared. I can highly recommend it; the first application relieved."

ALEX. McRAE.

JAPANESE CATARRH CURE

Why do you suffer with a disgusting disease? Honestly, now, why do you? Don't you know it's undermining your constitution? Don't you know it's threatening your life? Every day catarrh is allowed to go unchecked, it shortens your life that much. It works slowly, but it is a dangerous disease. There can be only one reason why a person afflicted with catarrh does not try to cure it. It is because they have been deceived so many times that they come to believe that there is no cure. This is wrong. Japanese Catarrh Cure is an infallible remedy. It never has failed - it never will fail. Use it honestly and it will cure you. It will not drive the disease to any part of the body, but by its soothing and healing properties quickly subdues the inflammation, heals up the diseased membrane and completely conquers catarrh. We guarantee that 6 boxes will completely cure you. Try it. See that you get Griffiths' & MacPherson's.

50 cents from all druggists. Send a 5c. stamp for a free sample to THE GRIFFITHS & MACPHERSON CO., 121 Church St. TORONTO.

JAPANESE CATARRH CURE

IT CAN'T BE DONE.

No One Can Remedy Well. No Chronic Disease Can be Cured Unless the Stomach is First Made Strong and Vigorous.

This is plain because every organ in the body depends on the stomach for its nourishment. Nerve, bone, sinew, blood are made from the food which the stomach converts to our use.

How useless to treat disease with this, that and the other remedy and neglect the most important of all, the stomach. The earliest symptoms of indigestion are sour risings, bad taste in the mouth, gas in the stomach and bowels, palpitation, all gone feeling, faintness, headaches, constipation; later comes loss of flesh, consumption, liver and heart troubles, kidney diseases, nervous prostration, all of which are the indirect result of poor nutrition.

Any person suffering from indigestion should make it a practice to take after each meal one of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, allowing it to dissolve in the mouth and thus mingle with the saliva and enter the stomach in the most natural way. These Tablets are highly recommended by Dr. Jennings because they are composed of the natural digestive acids and fruit essences which assist the stomach in digesting all wholesome food before it has time to ferment and sour.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by druggists, full-sized packages at 50 cents. They are also excellent for invalids and children. A book on stomach diseases and thousands of testimonials of genuine cures sent free by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

To Fight or Not to Fight. GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT talked to the Assembly of Mothers that met at Albany the other day (says Life) and of course he told them that they ought to let their boys fight. That makes us laugh, but it is only just to the Governor to say that his advice, as reported, was, on the whole, fairly sound. To be sure, he made some mistakes. "If any of you has a boy," said he, "who will not on good provocation fight, that boy is not worth his salt." That is not necessarily true. A boy may have good provocation and a strong inclination to fight, and yet may think it expedient to restrain himself. Mothers who have pugnacious boys ought to bear with them, for they may make first-rate men. But mothers whose boys are peaceably disposed need not despair nor goad them on to needless conflicts. For some boys are by nature sweet-tempered and slow to anger, and will let opportunities for combat slip by them sometimes in spite of the best mothers in the world. Don't drown such lads. Raise them on speculation. They are quite likely to make pleasant folks, and now and then, the conditions being favorable, they turn you out a hero. A good many little boys are timid. Don't drown even these, for most of them outgrow it. What is not common is aggressive righteousness. That is scarce and valuable. If your boy, madam, has that, don't worry about his fights. No doubt he needs frequent licking; but anyhow, if he is ever to learn to regulate evil doers, he must get his hands in betimes.

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A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE

Corticelli SPOOL SILK SAVES 99.

was was, and is is was. "Shut up, will you! I've gone by my station already." - Life.

He who takes the sword shall perish by the sword, and the President who works a war for political capital is liable to be displaced by a martial hero. - Life.

Grimpus - Her condition was such that she reeled, though she hadn't drunk a drop. Crimpus - How did it happen? Grimpus - Well, she'd laced herself until she got tight.

Lecturer - And what man is most apt to reach that elevation whence the earth may be viewed "as one vast plain"? Voice (in the audience) - The one that works in a powder mill. - Life.

Sharp little thing - "Papa," said the missionary worker's little daughter, "I am playing that my dolls are heathen." "That is nice, dear." "And - and - papa, I want ten cents to pay my salary." - Puck.

Dobbs - There's a man who shaves several times a day. Wiggin - You don't mean it? I should think there's nothing left of his face. Dobbs - It doesn't hurt his face at all. He's a barber.

Head waiter - Shall I send a waiter to wait on you, sir? Guest (who has been waiting in vain for thirty minutes) - I am compelled to request this extreme privilege, even though I know it disturbs your system. - Life.

Russian official - You can't stay in this country, sir. Traveler - Then I'll leave it.

Official - Have you a permit to leave? Traveler - No, sir. Official - Then you can not go. I give you twenty-four hours to make up your mind as to what you shall do. - Tit Bits.

"Money talks," they observed. There came into the eyes of the trillionaire the wild, hunted look peculiar to his kind. "But it doesn't give itself away!" he cried, agonizedly. For the fear that he would die rich was haunting him in day and night shifts. - Detroit Journal.

That was a fine piece of irony when a certain famous architect had got out the designs for a magnificent church, to cost £30,000, and the committee of the building fund wanted him to reduce the price to £18,000. "Say 30s. more, gentlemen," he wrote, "and have a nice spire!" - Tit Bits.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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SIR HENRY IRVING, Ellen Terry and the Lyceum Company are now on their last American tour playing Robespierre, the new play specially written for Irving by Victorien Sardou. It is not in itself a great play, the critics say, but staged with fine effect and played in a masterly way it makes one of the greatest successes possible. The play brings out all Sir Henry Irving's talents, but affords poor opportunities to Miss Terry. The plot is about as follows:

In the opening scene, Clarisse de Maligne, a royalist widow of the guillotine, is trying to arrange for her escape from France with her niece and her son, the illegitimate offspring of Robespierre, who had ruined and deserted her nearly twenty years before. She confides her history to an old friend, who is in Paris as an emissary from the British Government to Robespierre, and their interview is interrupted by the arrival of the "Incorruptible" himself, who catches sight of her as she retreats, and, fearing treachery, causes her arrest, without the least suspicion of her identity or of the existence of his son, Olivier. The latter, an ardent royalist, maddened by the arrest of his mother, recklessly and furiously denounces Robespierre in public, when officiating at the feast of the Supreme Being, and is promptly taken off to prison. In the ensuing act Robespierre, believing that the boy is a conspirator, examines him privately, and from papers found in his possession learns the secret of his birth.

This strong situation is managed with all Sardou's dexterity. Robespierre, who dares not reveal the truth, knows that Clarisse is in prison and is in agonies of apprehension for her. He is ignorant of the name under which she has been arrested, and the lad obstinately refuses to enlighten him, naturally mistaking the object of his enquiries. In the end, however, Olivier inadvertently lets slip a clue, and Robespierre succeeds in conveying Clarisse and her niece to a place of safety, where he presently joins them. Then follows what is, perhaps, the most moving scene in the play. While Robespierre is explaining to his former betrothed his plans for her flight, word is brought to him that his enemies have caused the removal of the boy to the Conciergerie, and at the same moment the noise of the advancing tumbrils with prisoners on the road to execution is heard. Almost frantic, the one with remorse and the other with fear, the father and mother peep furtively through the shutters of the window, to see whether the luckless Olivier is among the victims. The expedient is perilous, but Miss Terry and Irving employ it with wonderful effect, and the suspense is maintained admirably until the last tumbril has passed. The boy is not in it, and the mother falls back with the cry—strikingly effective in its selfishness—of intense relief—"Thank God! They are all women!" It is not often that Sardou strikes so true a note as this.

The play ends with a view of the stormy session of the National Convention, in which Robespierre is howled down by his opponents, and finally overthrown. In his despair he shoots himself and dies in the arms of Clarisse, after assuring her of the safety of her son, who had been released by his intervention, and who had attended the convention with the intention of assassinating him.

In the last issue of "Varsity" appeared a letter signed "Junior" and an editorial article, both of which deal with references made by me and by the editor of this paper to the conduct of students at their performance of A Midsummer Night's Dream at the Princess Theater on Halloween. The students are to be congratulated upon the general tone of their college paper for the past few seasons, and I venture to think that there was a time when criticism like mine would have drawn from "Varsity" something less quiet and argumentative than the editorial and the letter of "Junior." As the students show a disposition to reason the matter out, I wish to draw their attention to an idea that they may on reflection condemn. "Junior" in his letter says:

In nearly every case where some injury has been done by individual students, for whose ignorance we cannot be held responsible, we, the whole student body of the University of Toronto, have been included by our critics in a sweeping condemnation.

Although disagreeing very pointedly

with some of my statements, the "Varsity" editorial recommends itself to me more than my own article, because the editor of the college paper reasons the whole matter out carefully, which I had no desire to do. I quote the following paragraph:

We are pleased indeed that the men of Toronto University cannot justly be charged with the gross misconduct witnessed by many on Halloween. We cannot at all agree with the critic who now laments that he did not act in accordance with past experience and warn his readers what to expect. This, we think, is unjust to all the Toronto students; and whatever may have been the conduct of some of them recently, it is not in our recollection that the students have done anything heinous in past years to deserve such criticism. Everyone who is not in the last stages of senility makes certain concessions to the students, occasionally at least, and the students' appreciation has usually been shown by action which, upon the whole, is creditable as revealing something of that very necessary union of high animal vigor with intellectual force. A few will always be found who are lacking in that excellent quality, common sense, but these need never be feared if the body as a whole acts as it should.

Both the correspondent and the editor of "Varsity" disavow, on behalf of the students generally, responsibility for reprehensible conduct on the part of a few. To their attention I would bring the suggestion that they cannot disavow responsibility for the conduct of any ten students or any one student, unless they would abandon the traditions of student life in Toronto. If the press bulks the students in administering praise or blame, it is because the students first bulk themselves in the public view. If one individual went to a theater and stood up alone between acts to emit war-whoops, he would be regarded as drunk and all others in the gallery would think it good fun to see him ejected; but when five hundred or a thousand students give college yells, sing songs, toot kazoes, etc., between acts and are moderately unruly while a play is in progress, people smile indulgently. They concede much to the students. If four mechanics get into the gallery of a theater and either by making loud and persistent noises, or by other offensive conduct, make themselves a nuisance, a policeman or a couple of ushers put them out, and the public opinion of the theater approves. But if four students out of a thousand are so unruly as to make themselves a nuisance, interference on the part of ushers or policemen is impossible. The assembled students may disapprove the conduct of the four, but they would consider it a deep reproach to themselves if they permitted a "cop" or a couple of ushers to push among them, seize and eject the troublesome students as if they were ordinary offenders. This being the attitude of the students, how can they disavow responsibility for the conduct of any of their number? When a generous-hearted multitude of young men close their ranks against outside interference, there are always among them some mean-spirited enough to abuse the security in which they find themselves. We cannot ask students to be spiritless—it would be a bad outlook if they had not the courage to stand together—but if they protect those who are "ignorant" or those who lack "common sense" from the just reprisals that society ordinarily visits upon such persons, they should also undertake the duty of holding such offenders in check and of punishing them. If the police are to keep hands off the students, then is it unfair to ask that the students shall have among their own number men authorized to exercise instant control of unruly persons among them? There must be a public opinion in the student body that is probably as safe as any other section of public opinion. Setting up the claims to exemption from this and that restraint that students do practically set up, it is somewhat surprising that they have not shouldered the consequent responsibilities and efficiently policed or offereed the student body. Freedom imposes duties, and cannot be at all complete if those duties are evaded.

Manager Sheppard of the Grand Opera House is giving his patrons sandwiches just now—that is to say, a slice of good drama between two layers of something else. On one side of A Colonial Girl we had Parson Jim, and on the other Green Room Fun. In several years I do not recall any two productions coming close together at the Grand that were met with such flat disapproval as Parson Jim and Green Room Fun. These shows belong, if anywhere, to popular price houses, not to a theater that professes to hold its head a little higher than the rest, and the man who paid a dollar to get in to either of them should have been given a private box, free opera-glasses and an apology. If there is a poor show at a cheap theater no person has much room for complaint, but when there is a very poor show at a house that generally charges a dollar and a half for an orchestra chair, the public may learn to demand rain checks as they do at the bill-grounds when the game is a fizzle.

Green Room Fun was funny ten or fifteen years ago and might be funny now if put on well. Bronson Howard made quite a hit by writing it, and it will not do to altogether blame him for the frost that fell on the performance at the Grand on Monday night. Nellie McHenry made heroic efforts to carry the show along, but the audience, especially those in the upper gallery, would not be won and were, almost strangely, I thought, censorious. It is not often that an audience openly derides a performance, and unless there were amateur actors in the top gallery who felt that they were libelled by the play, the conclusion is unavoidable that they were first-nighters protesting because of seeing two very poor shows on successive Monday evenings. The company was numerically weak as well as deficient in other respects, yet I have seen shows no better in any way, with plenty of applause. If the public begins to assert itself there is no telling what to expect.

Why Smith Left Home is the fetching title of George H. Broadhurst's farce.

comedy playing at the Grand Opera House the second half of the week. The production has been favorably received wherever presented, and, indeed, Broadhurst's name on any piece is a guarantee that it will be smartly modern.

The Rising Generation, at the Toronto Opera House, would three or four years ago have been pronounced a great success, but of late we have been seeing such really first-class productions at this popular price house that we have begun to look for them every week. In view, then, of what Manager Small has already given us this season and what he announces as still in store, the performance this week falls short of the mark. Barry and Felix in the third act, however, make a pronounced hit, and the company all through is so determined to please and so much money has been spent in dressing up the piece, that in the end people leave pretty well satisfied. As I have said, under the old order of things the patrons of the Toronto Opera House would have been wholly pleased with this show, and this gives us the measure of the advance made of late by this theater.

Augustus Thomas is said to have produced, in his new drama, Arizona, a play worth seeing and talking about. Of his two previous plays, Alabama and In Mizoura (in what may be called the series), he produced at least one masterpiece. Alabama has become recognized as about the best truly native play yet produced on this side the big pond. I am given to understand that the friends of the author are of the opinion that Arizona is his best work. We shall soon have an opportunity of deciding this for ourselves, as the play comes to the Grand Opera House next week and will be presented by a company that appears, from the published list of names, to be an unusually strong one. Messrs. Kirke, La Shelle and Hamlin, the managers of the production, have, I believe, spared no expense in staging the piece artistically and in securing the best talent that could be had to make a finely balanced company.

George Fuller Golden at Shea's Theater this week is a whole show in himself, and people who cannot find time to witness the entire programme should drop in late to hear this funny monologue artist. He alone is better than an average play poorly played. There are a couple of numbers early in the programme that are a bit rough and ready for the class of people who patronize Shea's, but on the whole the bill this week is an extra fine



one. Melville and Stetson, in topical songs, are making a decided hit, while almost as successful in other lines are Mile. Florizel, Violet Dale, the Elinore Sisters and the Deonzo Brothers. Each number on the bill is short, and the recalling of performers is not encouraged, so that if a person does not like any one number, it is soon over, and succeeded by something wholly different that will probably suit better. This is one of the decided advantages of vaudeville, and accounts for its popularity among experienced playgoers in all the big cities.

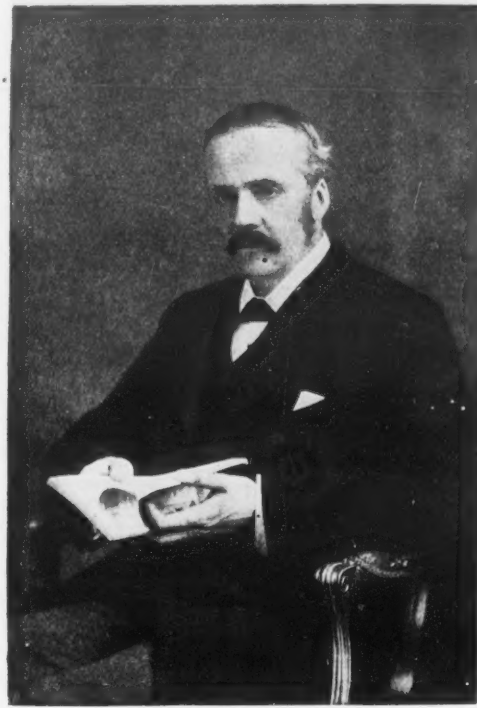
There is nothing very much to be said about George W. Monroe, except that he comes to the Toronto Opera House next week, and that he has a new play. Almost every theater-goer in Toronto has seen the Irish comedian at least once, and almost every theater-goer will try to see him again. His creation of the old Irish woman, who forces people to laugh in spite of themselves, has made Monroe a much better known and more popular man in Toronto than many more important personages. The round little Irishman, as Bridget the cook, Bridget the grand society dame, and Bridget the policeman's wife, has caught popular favor to such an extent that his engagement is always one of the most successful of the season. Monroe will this season be seen as Mrs. Bridget O'Shaughnessy, wash lady, in a play of that name, which Miss Edith Ellis Baker of Chicago prepared for him. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, through the aid of a fortune discovered after her husband's death, makes a valiant effort to enter society for the sake of her three pretty daughters.

Franklyn Fyles, the dramatic critic of the New York Sun, has been comparing the merits of several leading actors, and in a recent article decided that Andrew Mack was the real leader of the romantic school of actors in America, giving Mr. Mack the place even over E. H. Sothern.

Owing to the immense success of The White Heather, with Miss Rose Coghlan in the title role, in New York, the engagement of the company in the metropolis has been indefinitely lengthened, and it will be several weeks before Miss Coghlan is seen in this city.

A New Kind of Rugby.

THE visit of the Irish team to Canada is destined to leave an impression upon our Rugby, for not only have several clubs passed resolutions favoring the game as played by the visitors, but the Inter-college Club League at Montreal on Monday night decided to give a trial to a new game as outlined



RT. HON. A. J. BALFOUR.

by Mr. Thrift Burnside and Mr. G. W. Ross, Jr., representing Toronto University. The action of the College League was very practical, as it was decided that the "Varsity Queen's game" to be played in Toronto on Saturday next, November 25, should be played under the new rules. This will prove a very interesting experiment. The new game will be largely modeled upon the game played in the United States. Instead of fifteen players there will be eleven or twelve, and the ball will be snapped back out of scrimmage. There will be no holding of wings on the line, and players on the side having possession of the ball must be altogether behind it. The five yard rule is to be abolished, and it is made punishable for any player to interfere with the man catching the ball. The side with the ball must gain ten yards in three downs or forfeit possession of it. Off-side interference will not be allowed and mass plays will be impossible, so that the game will be a purely running and kicking game.

This is a game that will almost certainly suit the college players, who are generally younger, fleet and lighter than the clubs in the other League. It is a game in which speed and skill are everything and strength and weight of much less account. Perhaps one reason why so many objections are raised to any important change in our game is because the friends of the Argonauts, Ottawas, and other city teams, are aware that the present game better than any other suits some of the heavy athletes who now play the game, but who would be found lacking in agility if either the game played in England or the United States were substituted. This consideration has little weight with the university clubs.

Aside from the real regard that many players and followers of Rugby have for the game as it is played here, there will probably be a strong influence exerted in the O.R.F.U. by, or on behalf of, players who realize that their day would be over if changes in the play were introduced that made weight and strength of secondary importance. Therefore it is not improbable that next year we shall see the city teams playing one kind of Rugby and the university teams playing another. Perhaps nothing better could happen, because in this way the merits of the two games will be fully tested. If thousands turn out to witness one form of the game and hundreds to witness the other, the conclusion will speedily be reached that one game is superior to the other. In the meantime the advocates of change will hope that "Varsity and Queen's" will come on the grounds on the 25th so well practiced and posted on the new game as to give it an intelligent exposition, as much depends on first impressions.

On Modest Means.

THE yearly problem now presents itself. If to the kind hostess of small means, "How shall I return the teas and luncheons given me by my wealthy friends?" She has gone to the teas and luncheons, because she enjoys meeting her kind and, maybe, her kin. She has worn gorgeous hats and surprising bodices and sheath skirts to the teas, and done her best to make things go by the smartness of her attire and the brightness of her smile and chatter, and now, her natural sense of justice and her ambition to render unto Cesar (or rather to Cesar's wife) the due return, oppresses her like a heavy burden. To her rescue comes a suggestion to ask everyone and let them do their worst, blockade the hall of her seat abode, wrestle their way up and down the stairs, sweeter in the packed parlors, and fight for an ice in the dining room before they retire in disorder, with a bath of claret over their shoulders and a swish of ice-cream on their sleeves. Everyone knows the warfare of the over-crowded five o'clock in the small house! Another suggestion is "Hire a hall!" This gives breathing space, but is repugnant to the woman who loves the hospitality of the home and dreads the dire wreck of a rainy day. What else to do? She must either evolve something which will acquit her of her obligation to her hostesses, submit to one of the two above-mentioned expedients, or go on eating luncheons and fighting through teas with the feeling that she is piling up obligations which

she will eventually be overwhelmed.

Don't say the *quid pro quo* notion is absurd. It is inevitable; and every woman of spirit agrees to it. In the first place, the hostess of small means has often at her finger-ends considerable house-craft—she makes some dainty dishes to perfection, she may have some pretty knack of table decoration. Let her consider herself, very modestly, and let her evolve luncheons, say of a dozen covers, which will be plain, wholesome, comfortable meals, to which she may calmly bid the greatest lady or the most extravagant *nouveau riche* of her acquaintance. A sweet humility of mien, and a solicitous outlook for the comfort of her guests, will send them away soothed and happy, and a ring of gratitude will be in their voices as they bid her farewell. They will talk about her, patronizingly maybe, but with approval, if her luncheon was neatly served and her napery shone with polish of good laundering. If she made excellent coffee, they enjoyed it more than champagne, and carnations in a glass bowl did just as good service as orchids in a gold *jardiniere*. They met congenial persons and had a quiet, gossip, restful time, to which they look back gratefully. Half a dozen such luncheons would cost little, and probably gather in nearly a hundred women—for one-fourth are generally engaged during the height of the season, either entertaining or being entertained on the days my hostess might select for her modest series.

Do you doubt the charm of the plain, homely luncheon? Let me tell you that a great dish of scalloped oysters, a platter with a quartette of plump roast fowl, a snowy cauliflower, and a basket of damask-wrapped baked potatoes, with a dessert and an ice, has been a luncheon which satisfied and delighted a dozen of *pate de foie gras* dames, whom their hostess invited in one of her reckless moments, and over which she nearly had nervous prostration between her subsequent throes of terror and repentance. She did not even provide finger-bowls for them! Can you imagine such a barbarian? And yet he diamond-wearers had a jolly good time, and sat until dusk in the tidy parlor afterwards, while the coffee percolator was bubbling, and the gossip did not cease. And they look kindly yet upon that woman, and one day the noblest Roman of them all said, "Won't you have us again for luncheon this winter?"

Another homely and cosy entertainment is the afternoon tea at which guests can sit down. There is a whole volume in that description. One sees the small tables, with buttered toast, and biscuits and small snappy sandwiches, and fluffy Charlottes, and the important faces of the young priestesses of the tea and coffee urns, and the stout lady in the big arm-chair, and the airy, sylph-like woman on the Chippendale with the gilded seat, and the changing groups who drag their chairs about and take great comfort. The refreshments at these teas must be simple and all on the tables at once, and a great salver of spoons and forks must be always at hand. The hostess sits beside the guest of honor until tea is fairly going, when she flits from group to group—welcomed instead of welcoming. And there is great lingering over good-byes, and many good stories told over the little tables, and women go forth rested, amused and good-humored instead of ruffled, besmeared and abusive.

These quiet and modest affairs do not appeal to the indolent, the lover of display, or the vulgar person; they are a sort of test which always reveals the secret tastes of a woman. The one who can give a dozen homely well-cooked luncheons, or the half number of quiet, cosy teas, without fear of criticism, or thought of false shame, will entertain most of her creditors in like affairs, please them mightily, save her independence, and prove herself of the highest make of womanhood. Her dignity will carry her meekly through the ordeal of thoughts of what "might have been," and the values of life will assort themselves justly. Heartiness, thought for others, modesty and refinement will come to the front, while display, ostentation, rivalry, formality and surfeit will enter not the sacred circle of her graceful and successful hospitality. It will be a good day when she and her greater friends realize that there is a practical principle in this.

LADY GAY.

Notes from the Capital.

MISS GRANVILLE, the young lady who has this week concluded a visit of six pleasant months at Earncliffe, was the guest of honor at the dinner-dance given by His Excellency at Government House last week. The Governor-General took Miss Granville in to dinner, and at supper later in the evening she was again his partner. It was such a pretty dinner; the tables—there were three—were charmingly decorated with green and pink, ferns and chrysanthemums, and lighted by tapers in single silver candlesticks. There was no superfluous ornamentation; the decoration was very simple in design and most truly effective. Instead of many dainty *bon-bon* dishes holding salted almonds or confections, which almost cover the modern dinner-table, there were a few, just a few, cut glass dishes filled with candied violets. The menu, too, was excellent but simple. Even the *bon viveur* will rejoice at the new order of things which does away with unnecessary courses which a year or two ago made a dinner-party a wearisome function certain to be followed by an attack of indigestion unless the diner had the prudence to "skip" several *entrees* and some sweets. Now, as fashion ordains it, one can safely partake of every dish that is offered. Indeed, if one does not, one may rise from the dinner-table with a still unsatisfied hunger, as a man confided in me happened to him at a recent dinner, and he had not "skipped" anything. The women at this dinner were mostly young and nearly all good-looking. They wore their smartest frocks, as was only right and proper they should, considering the occasion. Major and Mrs. Atherley, who are the guests of Mrs. Drummond at Rideau Cottage, were there. Mrs. Atherley being probably the chaperone of the party. She is a sister of Mrs. Drummond, and like her, a handsome woman, though perhaps not quite so "divinely tall." Mr. and Mrs. Bob Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. Ned Grant, Miss Grant, Miss Mackintosh, Miss Ritchie, Miss Amy Ritchie, Miss Clarke, Miss Powell, Miss Maud Powell, Miss Martin-Griffin, Miss Muriel Burrows, Miss Granville, Mr. C. J. Jones, Mr. Agar Adamson, Mr. Smellie, Mr. D. C. Campbell, Mr. Beckett, Mr. Ritchie, Mr. W. L. Scott, Captain Graham, A.D.C., and Mr. Arthur Guise were the guests. In the ball room afterwards pretty little Lady Ruby came in and joined in the dance. Lady Ruby is the second daughter of His Excellency, a bright young miss of twelve or thereabouts. She is blessed with a splendid constitution and a no end of good spirits, so she comes in for a lot more fun than her elder sister, Lady Eileen, who is a great sufferer from neuralgia.

Before Lady Charles Paulet and Miss Granville left Ottawa, Mrs. Hutton gave a large At Home at Earncliffe to give the many friends they have made here a chance of saying farewell to these popular ladies. They both express great regret at leaving Canada, but Lady Charles dreads the Canadian winter. They sailed from New York last Thursday in the Oceanic. It was snowing hard on the afternoon when Mrs. Hutton gave this At Home, and was very dark. Five o'clock, Earncliffe is always a bright, cheerful house, but on this particular afternoon it looked brighter and more cheery than usual. There was an abundance of flowers throughout the pretty, well-lighted rooms, roses, chrysanthemums and carnations. The hostess herself looked charming in a handsome black satin gown, the bodice of which was crossed by bands of white *chiffon* and jet. Lady Charles, though she must be much younger, has a great look of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, which may account for the hold she has taken on the affections of those who met her here. She has a smaller and a softer face than the Royal lady, but she wears a white lace shawl over a black dress, and a white cap, which enhances the resemblance. It has been commented upon by many. Miss Granville is an English girl of the neat tailor-made order. She looked nice in a smart gown of dark blue or green cloth with white revers, and was very helpful to the hostess by seeing that everybody had tea. The General was also of great assistance in making the At Home the success it was. He has a hearty, pleasant manner, and a merry twinkle in his eye which is conducive to merriment in others. He led the attack on the tea-table with vigor, and afterwards spurred others on to renewed attacks. The military element was well represented, all the Colonels in town were there, and most of the Captains and subalterns. The band took in the situation, and the tunes it played were all military.

Prof. Capper of McGill College gave a delightful lecture before the May Court and the Woman's Art Association on Friday evening. The subject was the Conventions of Sculpture. It was the second of the course. Prof. Capper was the guest of General and Mrs. Hutton during his visit to Ottawa. He was one of the interesting people at Mrs. Hutton's tea on Saturday.

Miss Ruby Blackburn was married on Thursday to Mr. Colin Sewall of Toronto. It was a house wedding with but a few invited guests, but notwithstanding this fact the bride was gowned, as becomes a bride, in exquisite white *chiffon* satin with a soft wavy fullness of *chiffon* around the foot of the gown, lace *applique* on skirt and bodice, and the orthodox veil and orange blossoms. Her *trousseau* was "made in England," and I am told is very lovely.

Miss Thistle's marriage is not likely to take place before December, and it will be even quieter than Miss Blackburn's.

AMARYLLE.

"I dunno how Bill's a-goin' to vote in this election," said the campaign-worker. "I've heard tell he's on the fence." "He wuz thar," replied his neighbor, "but one o' the canderates let fall a dollar on the off-side o' the fence, an' Bill got dizzy, an' fell over!"—*Atlantic Constitution.*

"Acrost the Contnint."

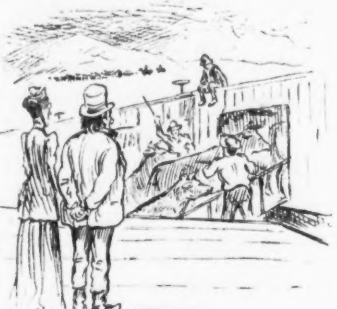
Special Correspondence of Mr. Caleb Jinkins of Jinkins Corners, Ont.



X.

ROSSLAND NOV 7
to the editor of the Saturday Nite noon-
paper

DEAR SIR
I am settin down at presint to sen you these fue lines rite in the mist of the gold Kentry they call the Kootnay ware sum lucky felers is gittin big fortunes outen the groun and a lot of other felers thet haint quite so lucky is diggin it out for em on daley wags. things round hear is goin ahead with a rush thay dont no nothin about down to jinkins Corders and ontareo ginerilly.



but i gess lie perseed to fetch things up to date es you mite say frum ware i left of in my las letter. I tole you bout how the catel business is gittin along at medsin hat. Thase a feler thare which cum frum toronta yers ago & now he is Guvmint inspekter of catel, and inspekter of liseness as wel. es i tole him jes in a joke i spose he inspekts the catel with shpellin refrence to the horns. Thay was shippin steers the day we was thare so we was took to see em do it. We clum up sum steps to the roof of a shed warg we cood git a good look at the yard & inlide it too the misses Snodgrass was searst the critters woud git up thare and eat her. We seen the cow boys bringin em in crost the commons in a big bunch and thay dun it sliik i kin tel you. thay druv em al in a big pen, then thade Pat sum of

roned i unstant an then beefs wos goin to calgary. thay was sold to a Irishman name of Paddy Burns. he dus the butcherin fer the hull of british Columby & hes got things fixt soe nobuddy elts kin sell meet in the Kootnay & the conekins is he hes growed to be a millinaire tho he haint educated like i be & rely dont no how to spel wuth a sent. this snows it haint felers thet gese to collige that gits thare so fur es munny is consend.



ime moren ever took up with them dookbors sense i seen sum of em standin near a ralerode stashin es we cum along. thay was jes tawkin wen long cums one of thare frens and wen he cum up he rased his hat most polite & thay al dun same thing and bowed. thats the custim of thare kentry i spose, but it lookt good and made me hev a better ipinyon of em than ever.

Wen we left medsin hat we cum on the crow nest ralerode to lethbridge and Mccloud by this time we had most forgot bout the winter wether we cum throo at Brodview and along thare, it was summer agin & as plesent es you plesse. But wext misses snodgrass mind was how fokes thet lived in sech a luvly kentry hes got to do so much swarin. It is jes a cawshin to snakes how them felers dus cuss and sware. It growed so at last thet the ole lady coodent stan it no longer and She gin em a peece of her mind. We was cumin in the tavern on Sunday & thay was a lot of felers settin round tawkin and usin bad langwich es usul. i never heerd wuss cussin so es we was passin by fust thing i node she stept rite in among em. Thay was all sprited at her cumin in and all ise was rivited on to her es you mite say, and i kin tel you she went fer em good takin em in a



sarcastikel stile. She ses pore felers, i didnt spose you so destute of respectbel langwich & wen i go back east

ime agoin to see if the church fokes cant start a noo mishnery labor fer you. Weel git up a soslety to ast the chartibel peepel to gin thare cast off decent langwich to send out hear fer you. I dont spose, she ses, any of you woud make a habit of usin sech disgustin and wickid tawk if it wusent thet you was so short of words, and its too bad, she ses, you shooud sufer this way and make everbuddy thet lisen to you sufer wen thase hull stacks of oleen and decent expreshins goin to waste in our part of the kentry. ime reel glad, she ses, i thot of this idee and you kin depend i wunt fergit you wen i go back home. Pore felers i pity you in yure presint povity and want, you must hev a nasty taste in yure mouths al the wile. Then she made em a bow & waukt out. You never seen sech a passel of cheep lookin felers and i notice thay diddent do so much swarin fer a wile, tho thay was feelin blue and in a bad umer at the time cus the bar was closed on account of noo orders frum the mountid poleese & thay was fearful thirsty. Drinkin and swarin is mungst the cheef industry out this way. I never seen more drunk men in my life, tho you cant git a drink fer lessin 15 sents 2 fer a quarter.



Wen you git past McCloud you git into the mountains & you soon cum to the cole kentry yuve hern tel of. the rale rode climes up hills and twists and turns every, but it gits to Fernie all the same, which is a neet and tidey town with lecktrick lites, water works & so 4th, tho it haint moren a yeer or so old. The cole mines is bout 5 miles away, but thay hev a hull lot of big ovens ware thay burn coke & sply it to the smelters fer smeltin ore. Frum this pint rite along to Kootnay landin the scenery is jes grand, mountins and rivers and all like of that. it made me jes feel like settin



down ritin potery, but the cars diddent go stiddy enuf fer ritin. You see minin camps and villages made outen log houses ware the ralerode men lived wen thay was bieldin the rode. One plase the trane stoppt thay was only 2 houses, i was a tavern & tuther wusent finisht bieldin yet. Thay tole me this is a town the C.P.R owns & is boomlin fer all its wuth. It is a rite smart town if thay was only some peepel thare. a littel waste past this we cum to Kootnay landin & thare we went on the steem bote to go to nelson. We saled up the lake & it was bout es putty es it cood be. The lake haint moren a mile wide & hes mountins growin up on both sides of it all the wase with landin plases ware we stopp ever heer and thare. At last we arove at Nelson bout 4 in the afternoon and jis heer ile quit & tel you bout that brite lital plase nex time i rite yurne truly

A Secret Wedding.

THERE dwelt at the town of San Cristobal, situate in the evening shadow of Pike's Peak, a man whom we can not do better than to call by the name Clark. He was a bachelor, perhaps approaching the age of thirty, and extremely popular.

But though a man widely known and of many friends, he was singularly averse to publicity. If he bought a new horse, it was usually a month before he could induce himself to drive it, and when he got a new suit of clothes, he would always send it to a brother in Denver, who would wear it a fortnight to take off the "new" and return it to him.

Naturally, when Clark found himself in a position to contemplate his wedding-day, he became somewhat nervous. He had always been rather fond of attending other people's weddings, and it occurred to him that he had never been backward about bestowing such delicate little attentions as may be encompassed in a handful of rice; and he shook his head as he remembered that he had once helped strap up a friend's trunk at the railroad station with white satin ribbon. The recollection made him shudder; it brought a vision of his own trunk wearing white satin ribbon, and he could almost feel rice rolling gayly off his hat-brim and tumbling down the back of his neck. What made the prospect worse was that, while personally he would gladly have been married by telephone, he knew as well as anybody the inborn love of a wedding, as opposed to a plain marriage, which abideth in the soul of woman. But he was to be agreeably surprised on this point. When he visited his future bride that evening, he said:

"Dora, what do you say to a very simple wedding, or a—er—just a sort of getting married, you know—quiet—no display—no—er—this stuff, you know—rice—no rice. You remember I don't like rice much."

"I know," answered Dora. "I discovered it at Mabel's wedding—by the

way you threw it."

"Ha! ha!" said Clark, in a weak attempt at laughter. "That's good; though you threw as much as I did. But that was different, you see. Now, what do you say?"

"Well, I'm not particular about a wedding," answered the young lady. "Arrange it just to suit yourself, dear."

"We can announce a wedding, you know," went on Clark; "and then the day before we can just get married, and go away, and—and leave 'em with the rice on their hands!"

The details were accordingly very craftily arranged later on by Clark. He set the hour at ten o'clock in the morning.

"It's pretty early," he said; "but I'll have to be at that time so we can catch the ten-thirty train. I will call for you, and we'll just drive around to the dominie's and have it over within five minutes. I'll send my trunk to the station the night before, and give it out that I'm going up to Denver on business; and I can telephone early for an expressman to call for your trunk. We can send back announcement cards from Denver—and I'll just have engraved down in one corner, 'No Rice.'"

But of course the plan of the ingenious Clark got out. This was as inevitable as the rising of the morning sun. It got out, though to this day no man knoweth exactly how it got out. But Clark has always sagaciously suspected the Hereditary Enemy of Lovers—the girl's small brother.

The night before the day set for the clandestine marriage, one or two hundred of Clark's friends held a secret meeting down-town in a hall. Mabel's husband presided. Most of those present had the advantage of that exuberance which goes with youth or early life, and they had all long breathed the exhilarating mountain atmosphere of Colorado. Nothing was forgotten.

The next morning, when Clark, after a hasty toilet, glanced out of the window, he observed two scoundrelly looking men wearing pasty clothes, who were posting bills with great industry on the fence across the street. He thought he caught his own name printed in big, red letters. He snatched up an opera glass and read:

SECRET WEDDING OF
JIM CLARK
To-day at ten o'clock.
You are invited.
BRING A BASKET OF RICE.
See small bills.

Mr. Clark with difficulty kept from fainting. But he pulled himself together at last, and started out. There seemed to be nothing to do but to see the thing through. A small boy was throwing handbills in all the front yards, and gave one to him. He stopped and read:

"The many friends of the justly popular James McC. Clark take pleasure in announcing his absolutely and profoundly secret marriage to-day at ten o'clock. Twenty-five per cent. reduction on rice at all grocery stores. Per order."

He hurried on down to his office. Newsboys were crying the morning papers—"All about the secret wedding of Jim Clark!" He caught glimpses on the first pages of "scare heads" over long articles presumably giving the details. One of the big, red posters was pasted on his office door. He went in and tried to look over his mail.

At half past nine he returned home. The streets were deserted and ominously quiet. He got his carriage, and drove around after his bride. Together they proceeded to the clergyman's. They went in, and the simple but beautiful ceremony was soon finished. As they stepped out of the house, they found the street blocked with their friends. The rest of the population of the town was coming around the corner in a long procession. Two or three brass bands seemed to be somewhere about the neighborhood. The horses had been taken off the carriage, and a long rope attached. They took their seats, and the willing hands of friends drew them toward the station. The crowd followed. All of this time the air remained foggy

with rice.

At the station they found the train waiting. Their trunks were somewhat conspicuous on the roof of the baggage-car, so decorated with bows of white ribbon that they looked like big chrysanthemums. As they mounted the car platform the engineer sounded a long blast on the whistle, and the crowd gave three cheers for Jim Clark. Then there was a call for a speech. A pint of rice rolled off of Clark's hat as he removed it and simply said:

"I thank you. I will never try it again." The train moved off, and the rice rattled on the car roofs and against the windows. Clark's quiet little wedding was over.—*Hayden Carruth in November Harper's Magazine.*

How to Treat the Missus.

The servant girl question being very much to the front at present, the following paper, recently read by Miss Ethel Marjorie Weddles before the Toronto Lady Domestic Protective Association, will be of interest:

THIS is the first paper which I have wrote, but seeing I have had some experience in dealing with mistresses, perhaps I can give the Association some pointers on How to Treat the Missus. I don't need to say hardly that the aggravating and unreasonable nature of mistresses is the great trouble of the life of a lady domestic. Everybody knows that time was when things were worse—when we was actually treated as inferior beings and had no rights. Thank heaven that's all changed now, and the threat to leave usually brings the worst and most impudent of them to time—but still we have to put up with a great deal of temper and presumption from them. But I believe that we ourselves is sometimes to blame because we don't manage them right from the start.

The great thing is to begin right and treat them with firmness without being unduly severe. Let them know their place and distinctly understand that you won't permit any interference with your rights. Of course no lady domestic as respects herself or is true to her class is going to have a mistress poking about the kitchen, or dictating about followers, or making a fuss about breakages, or anything of that sort. She must be free to entertain her company and have her evenings out. Well, just as soon as the mistress begins raising any difficulty the way to do is to put your foot right down and assert yourself. If you do this you can soon have the mistress thoroughly broke in and avoid trouble afterwards. But too many lady domestics is weak and easy-going and lets themselves be imposed on in little things at the start. They've only themselves to blame if the mistress gets uppish and big-feeling and by-and-by makes life a burden to them. I've had my present position going on eight months now and I've got a treasure of a mistress just because I was firm and strict with her from the beginning. It's over a month since I had occasion to reprimand her, because she went and returned David Harum to the library before I'd finished reading it. She assured me it wasn't intentional and that such a thing wouldn't occur again, so I spoke kindly to her and overlooked it. I don't think it is well to be too hard on mistresses for mere thoughtlessness, but there are some things we should not excuse. The unreasonable size of families ought not to be tolerated. Children are an everlasting nuisance and worriment, and some mistresses have no consideration for their lady domestics in the matter. I had to discharge an excellent mistress on this account a few years ago. When I first come there was only two youngsters, or of course I'd never have accepted the position. But the family kept on increasing in a way that I considered a breach of faith, and though she raised my salary twice, when the fifth made its appearance I felt there was nothing for it but to let her go. I think all lady domestics ought to discountenance large families, and I'm glad to see that the birth-rate is steadily decreasing, which is likely due to our influence.

Though I believe in strictness, yet I think at the same time the good mistresses ought to be treated kindly. We ought not to forget that after all they are human like ourselves and have feelings that ought to be considered. I know there's those present which will disagree with me and call it maudlin sentimentalism or something of that sort—but I'm not ashamed to say that I have a heart which can sympathize with a mistress, that is, of course, providing she keeps her place and don't presume too much. For instance, I'm always willing to allow my mistress an occasional evening out, even if it puts me to some little inconvenience, and if you could see how happy and contented it makes her and how truly grateful she is to me I feel sure you would not grudge her this liberty. Of course if I have any particular engagement on hand that evening she wouldn't for a moment expect me to give it up on her account, but if not, when she asks for an evening in a respectful manner I'm always ready to oblige. I think little acts of kindness of this sort tend to make the world better and brighter.

Some lady domestics encourage familiarity on the part of mistresses and make friends of them. It is not always well to do this, as it sometimes leads the mistress to presume above her station. However, it largely depends upon the character of the parties, and if a lady domestic feels sufficiently secure of her position to permit such approaches on the part of a mistress, without fearing that she will encroach too far or take undue advantage, I see no particular objection.

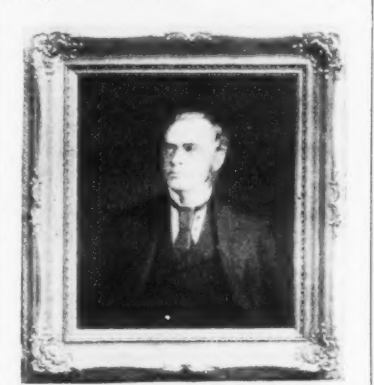
P. T.

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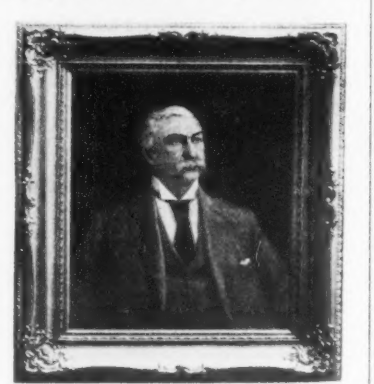
Honoring the Old Masters.

SOME time ago SATURDAY NIGHT commented at some length upon the fact that the pupils and ex-pupils of the Woodstock Collegiate Institute were about to have portraits painted and placed on the walls of the Institute of its two ex-Principals. We pointed out at the time how important it should be considered that schools and colleges should preserve their history and traditions. It is not necessary to again go over the ground, but the Woodstock Collegiate Institute is to be con-



Principal Strachan.

gratulated upon carrying out its intention successfully. On Nov. 10 the two portraits were unveiled in the presence of a large crowd of citizens and ex-pupils, speeches being delivered by the present principal, Mr. I. M. Levan, Mr. G. R. Pattullo, Mr. A. D. Griffin, Dr. McMullen, Mr. William Grey, Sheriff Brady, Inspector Carlyle, Rev. Dr. Mackay, Mr. Valentine Stock, Mr. Andrew Pattullo, Principal McCrimmon, and Dr. Millman of Toronto. The portraits were



Principal Hunter.

painted by Mr. J. W. L. Forster of Toronto and are excellent examples of his work.

In the evening there was an Old Boys' supper, with Mr. G. R. Pattullo in the chair and Major Knight and Mr. A. D. Griffin in the vice-chairs. It was a fine supper and some interesting speeches were made. It may be added that many of the "old boys" of the Collegiate, who are now abroad, contributed to the fund to secure these paintings. It is to be hoped that other schools will follow the excellent example of the Woodstock Collegiate Institute.

One Man's Honor.

"BAH! and a man calls that honor!" said she, throwing her riding-whip into a far corner of the room in which she sat alone.

She had just come in from a ride—no, a mad gallop—along the sea beach. The horse was as mad as she, flicking his hoofs in the crest of each wave viciously as it flew at his legs.

The young woman had gone out to get away from herself, but returned still in the same bad company. Her savage thoughts could have been read by a clever medium, though they beat but against the walls of her own brain. Her face was glowing like a live coal. She felt it.

She lived it over again from yesterday, going backward to the beginning of summer.

He had gone—she thought of him only as he—and she was not heart-broken; though that was no fault of his, she knew.

Fate, providence, or the devil had led them to the same summer place, and from the beginning he had set about to fascinate her.

For a time they met merely as factors

in a merry party. Even then he was ever beside her, turning all his brilliancy to her path.

Hypnotism was being discussed, and he turned with sudden directness, saying, "I would like to hypnotize you," caring not that everyone heard. Boldness was part of his charm.

"Wish you would try," thought she, with the faintest doubt lingering about "try," but aloud she said, tossing back a stray red curl, "You couldn't do it."

"Perhaps not," he replied leisurely. He was a strong man, full of vigor, yet slothful in expending it. One look at his gentle eyes revealed an exquisite sensuousness. The black lashes fell and curtained this, but not from an expert in eye study.

His eyes dwelt upon her constantly. A worldly woman, with the wonderful wisdom of such, would have hurried to the conclusion that the man desired conquest, and would have appeared to submit. But she would have been further astray than the untutored, for it is more than likely he had no intention of exerting himself to the extent of conquering. Beauty was his god, and there she sat beside him. What more did he desire?

Oh, but she was beautiful! Tall, lithe and active, finely proportioned, softly rounded, and crowned with a glory of ruddy hair.

Everything appealed to his brain—that brain of classic mould.

She was half impulse, this hot-tempered god of his, but adorable for all that; and, after mighty resolves not to, she gave herself over to the spell of his caressing voice, soft eyes, and altogether lazy ways which she idealized into poetic indolence, leaning later, however, that both led to the same cemetery.

One day they found themselves away from the crowd, upon the flat rocks. This proved pleasant and was not repeated without effort or design. The waves dashed spray about them, and at sunset they found diversion watching rainbow fragments therein.

"What an odd, pretty stone," he murmured, taking her hand, and in his slow, unconcerned way examining a ring she wore. She drew it from him hastily, annoyed that his touch was—well, not repellent.

He lifted his black lashes, letting her see that he was hurt. Her next expression was properly scornful. "You are not like other girls, are you?" "Oh, yes, I am," she said archly, or perhaps it were more truthful to say she lied politely. She must have felt she was a bit uncommon.

They stood together under the moon one evening, upon the rocks. He was wearing his yachting flannels. She, too, was all in white. It was a sight to fire a painter's brain, or a lover's. He had kissed her, and now held her at arm's length to admire calmly the effect—the lovely flush and bright eyes.

"I never thought you would let me do that," he said almost carelessly.

Was she turning to stone? He watched, with interest, the light go out of her eyes and the lines of her mouth grow hard. A spirit of terror possessed her. He half smiled, enjoying it as the artist of old who allowed a slave's torture for Art's sake.

"What do you mean?" she asked in a frightened voice, for not the words alone, but the tone, accused her of folly.

He tried to draw her to him, the easiest explanation, but he could not. She was rigid.

"You shall never do so again," she said, and her words were uttered with the impressiveness of a tragedy queen.

He smiled once more. He thought he knew better.

"Oh, don't do that," (always with the same untrilled sweetness); "don't go away from me like that. Are we, then, to give up all our happy days upon the rocks, and these exquisite evenings? Really, you don't know how much your friendship means to me."

"Friendship!" She could not help uttering it aloud, and in such fine scorn.

"Well, I can't say more. You know my position—a poor man and likely to be so for years. It would not be honorable."

And this, then, was the end of it. She had remained firm, had sent him from her saying she would forgive him if he would go away.

He did so, almost gladly. It was so much easier than striving, and she was such a fury to manage.

Poor girl! She was born to be wretched. Brought up in a large, cold, empty country house, with a nagging step-mother, and a weak father, who could not take even his own part, her life had been destitute of affection. So, when on a summer's day she was released and taken with distant relatives to stay at the seaside, the first touch of a warm hand was like paradise, and when he had held her in his protecting arms, she asked nothing better of heaven above.

She had not the lack of sensation of a dyed etiquette, but the responsiveness of a rustic maiden, unlearned in the lore which, alas! must be learned before a physician's certificate is granted.

"Bah, and a man calls that honor!"

"Was it honor to plead in ways that words could only half utter for a woman's love, a woman's life? How manly to check speech which would have cleared away all misunderstanding."

"Oh, let me have disgrace if that be honor!"

MERILANT.

"We're in a pickle, now," said a man in a crowd. "A regular jam." said another. "Heaven preserve us," exclaimed an old lady.—*Columbus State Journal.*

She—What's the difference between a dimple and a wrinkle? He—Oh, about thirty or forty years.—*Town Topics.*

Clevertown—When you told your father you loved her did he show much feeling? Dashaway—Oh, yes; I don't know when I have been so moved!—*Life.*

Miss Dimple—Reggie, did you ever smell powder? Reginald—Oh, often. Miss Dimple—Manila or Cuba? Reginald—Sachet.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Studio and Gallery

Amateur photography has of late taken a new lease of life. Royalty is mainly responsible for this state of things. To spend an hour in the boudoir of any of the great ladies is to find oneself surrounded by home-made pictures. The Princess of Wales prefers portraiture and nearly every member of her family has at different epochs in his or her life "looked pleasant" at her desire and faced her camera. The Duchess of Fife and Princess Victoria also prefer portraiture, and their relatives have been very willing and patient subjects. Little Lady Alexandra Duff and her baby sister, in the daintiest of white frocks and hats, have posed in the garden of Mar Lodge, their Highland home, for their mother, who has succeeded wonderfully with them. Princess Charles of Denmark has taken the best portrait extant of the Princess of Wales, which is saying a good deal, for Her Royal Highness is probably the most photographed woman in the world. Marine views and yachts have received much attention from the camera of Princess Henry of Battenberg, although she occasionally takes a portrait. One of the best of the Duke of York is that of his Royal aunt, the showpiece of whose collection is a corner of the Castle at Berlin, with the Black Eagle of Prussia, in bronze and bold relief, upon a pedestal. Mrs. Chamberlain, who excels in landscapes, has reason to be proud of her work in this respect, many of her negatives being notable works of art. Countess Boni de Castellane, too, has taken up photography since her marriage. Landscapes, if they boast a picturesque bridge, appeal to her irresistibly, and she has sent home to her American friends some very charming pictures taken in Brittany. The Princess de Sagan, the Duchess de Rohan, the Countess de Greffulhe, and many other French ladies, are also adepts in the pleasing art.

Professor Angeli, the Queen's favorite painter, who has recently been intrusted with the execution of a portrait of Her Majesty, enjoys her highest confidence. The last time the Queen was sitting to him at Windsor Castle, on the occasion of her eightieth birthday, she wished to be taken simply as a woman, not as the Queen. This portrait, at Her Majesty's desire, is to be reproduced for circulation amongst the English people. The Queen, however, will not allow the original portrait to be used for reproduction, so Professor Angeli will make a copy of it.

A ceramic display which promises to be of interest is to be given by Miss L. R. Hendershott, commencing Wednesday, Nov. 23, in her studio, 8 College street. Special study in New York recently has given fresh vigor and greater command of color to Miss Hendershott's already appreciated work. Some of the pieces will be a toast cup in brilliant coloring of ruby and amber with gold lining; vases with delicate tints of pinks and greys in roses, and brilliant warm tones of the same flowers; a pitcher in soft blackberries against a background of golden yellow. A number of small articles are especially dainty. The new lustre process has been espoused by Miss Hendershott and touches of it glint here and there in her pieces. A dozen plates of celebrated beauties add interest to a display specially attractive.

Henry Martin, O.S.A., has just returned from a two weeks' sketching trip on the Ottawa, Rideau and Gatineau Rivers, seeking autumn's beauties, purple hazes, brilliant color and mellow lights. Close study of cedars has also engaged his attention. All these captured beauties Mr. Martin delights to show his friends in his studio, 56 Gloucester street. Quite a number of his paintings have found homes within the last few weeks at Kingston, Ottawa and Arnprior. Mr. Martin is now prepared for his winter's studio work.

Hamilton MacCarthy, R.C.A., has just completed a bust of Lady Aberdeen, and also a number of statuettes of other celebrities.

The annual meetings of the Art Students' League and the Woman's Art Association of Hamilton were held last week in the studio of Miss Galsbraith, who was unanimously elected president of both societies. The League is now in better financial standing than it has been since its formation and is anticipating a prosperous season. A new studio has been procured in the Y. M. C. A. building and the meeting nights are Mondays and Saturdays.

At the meeting of the W. A. A., Mrs. Dignam gave an interesting art talk. An exhibition was projected for the latter part of the month.

J. S. Gordon of Hamilton has furnished a number of illustrations for Christmas stories. The *Canadian Magazine* for

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next month will contain an illustrated article by him on his Paris experiences.

The Dundas Travel Club is an enthusiastic and vital organization. It is fortunate in having several ladies available, whose united energy would ensure long life and prosperity to any club, particularly its president, Mrs. W. Holmsted. Following the line of the personally conducted tours undertaken by Cook of New York, the Club goes thoroughly and as minutely as may be over the ground covered by these tours. We venture to think that there is extracted thereby far more actual knowledge than a tourist can accumulate by scampering over creation en masse. But when such careful study can be supplemented by a trip, how much more the places contain to the intelligent tourist. Some of the subjects discussed in the club have been Architecture of Corinth, Gothic Architecture, Greek Art and its Development, Archaic Statuary in Wood and Stone, Painted Statuary, Elgin Marbles, The Lives of nearly all German Artists of Note, The Catalogues of the Galleries of Berlin, Munich and Dresden, Art Glass, etc., etc. Art in Switzerland and France will occupy the attention of the Club for the next two months. And we have no organization for the serious study of art in its literary aspect in Toronto. Think of it!

Interior decoration was in the hands of experts last Thursday in the Temple building, before the W.A.A. Miss Evans has carved out a niche for herself, a niche unshared as yet by any lady in Canada, in interior decoration, and combines a prolonged study of theories with arduous experimental effort. The next lecture of the course, which will be given on November 23, will be by J. A. Patterson. As a lecturer on astronomy and kindred subjects Mr. Patterson is most attractive, his lectures being packed with information, arranged and stated as only a mind legally trained can, and arrayed in language choice in word and poetical in form. The Saturday sketch of the W. A. A. will be in the studio of Miss L. Muniz, Yonge street Arcade.

Chicago artists have recently made somewhat successful studies in colored lithography. Three original lithographs have been published in *Brush and Pencil*. There is also, in Germany especially, a feeling after successes in colored lithography. Many seem to have dim conceptions of its possibilities, and we wish them success in this popular—and cheap, necessarily—form of reproducing color.

The Academy of Design in New York, meeting in its temporary structure while waiting for its fine new building, has determined to draw its lines more stringently to shut out idlers and incompetents. "The new system adopted," says one of the school committee, "by the Academy of Design schools grants admission to any art student possessing the requisite ability. It is no longer a school for beginners, or a harbor or resort for incompetents. Continuance in the various

departments will be dependent on increased ability. The stringency will be principally in the life class."

We imagine some of our teachers of art, as many of our teachers of music, could they afford to be transparently honest, and to be inspired by a desire for the greatest good for the pupil, would hint more often, as delicately as may be, but effectually withal, that "genius must be born and never can be taught." We heard of an amateur recently who had reached that stage in her art experience when she had learned to paint everything "except clouds and waves."

As a help to decorative composition, a lecturer in this branch of art has secured for his pupils during the winter months, when it is difficult to obtain fresh flowers as models, dried specimens of flowers and leaves. These may lack the life perhaps, which gave the Renaissance ornament its main value, but the linear effects of these dried specimens abound in suggestions for combinations highly ornamental.

Miss Bertram delighted her numerous friends last week by placing on view her present collection of decorated china. No doubt Miss Bertram will still be glad to show her treasures to any not present then. Dainty in conception, tidy in execution, and reserved in subject are all her decorative attempts. The study of water-colors, flowers particularly, which Miss Bertram has undertaken recently, will reveal itself in increased richness and scope in her ceramic art.

Lovers of art, and especially workers in the field of art, are likely to be faced by a temptation that ought to prove irresistible, in the form of the sumptuous edition of *The Life and Letters of Sir John Everett Millais*, with its two large volumes, containing three hundred reproductions of his paintings. The work will be edited by the artist's son, Mr. J. G. Millais.

Miss H. E. Bastedo has recently returned from an interesting and enjoyable visit to Manitoba and the North-West. Miss Bastedo has taken a number of sketches at different points during her trip.

A Modern Convenience.

A solemn-looking Irishman entered a business house the other day, and, walking up to one of the men employed on the lower floor, asked:

"Is dere anny chanst fer a mon t' get a job av vu'r kere?"

"I don't know," answered the man addressed; "you'll have to see Mr. Hobart."

He heard the whistle, came to the tube, and enquired:

"What's wanted down there?"
"Tis Oi, Paddy Flynn," answered the Irishman. "Ar ye th' boss?"
"I am," replied Mr. Hobart.
"Well, thin," yelled Flynn, "stick yer head out av th' second story windy whole Oi step out on th' sidewalk. Oi want t' talk t' ye."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

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A Misunderstanding.

THE girls all said when Violet Perrin's engagement was announced that she would be sure to make life interesting for her husband. She began doing it this week. The fracas commenced when hubby came across a pearl ring that he had hidden in his collar-box, and remarked, "That, my darling, is my first wife's." Violet took her tantrums at once. She heard herself scream, and she felt herself give a despairing grasp towards his hair, then she went down, down to nothingness, her last vision that of her husband's perfidious but handsome face. About that time he began to halloo. A doctor, her elder sister, three neighbors, and her mother were on the ground in about three minutes. Slowly she regained consciousness, and as she did so, hid her head away in her mother's arms and begged bitterly to be left "alone with mamma." The doctor withdrew, and the anguished husband was about to go also, when she began to have hysterics.

"Look at him, mamma," she shrieked; "he has deceived me! Oh, take me home. I never want to see him again!"

Charley fell on his knees, and her mother seized his necktie that she might fix him with her gaze of terror. Charley protested, swore eternal devotion, took oath he did not know what on earth it was all about, said that they were just as happy as could be, and all of a sudden she fell over in a faint. He offered to bring all his college friends and the entire membership to swear for him that he never loved anyone but Violet Perrin, that was, his own darling little wife at that moment. Then up rose Violet, and, with tragic gesture, she pointed to him, saying, "And yet, mother, that perfidious wretch has had another wife!"

A light broke upon Charley, and he

gave a yell of protest. But Violet is not the woman to forego a thorough fit once she has one started, and she shut him up. "Don't deny it!" she cried. "Mother, look, it was this ring. With his own lips he convicted himself. He said it was his first wife's."

Here Charley had a chance to speak. "Well, aren't you?" he said. Then Violet had hysterics again, but her mother says it serves her right for marrying one of those funny men who are always making jokes.

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TORONTO is getting an unenviable reputation for the ill-mannered behavior of its audiences at concerts and opera performances. It is an ungrateful task to call attention to the fact, and it is humiliating to have to confess that there are good grounds for the accusations made against us. It is almost an invariable rule for audiences at our musical entertainments to arrive late, and in the case of opera the overture and the early vocal numbers are given to the accompaniment of the banging of seats, the running of ushers up and down the aisles, and the swish of feminine garments. The small section of the audience who by accident are seated in time for the overture, show their lack of musical appreciation and their ignorance of good manners by talking throughout, although in the great operas the overture is just as much a work of art as any of the numbers in the opera proper. Speaking generally, when a vocalist is a star, and is singing, the audience are all attention, but they rudely break in with applause as soon as they think the vocal part is finished, and the last measures of the music, which although assigned to the orchestra are essential parts of the composition and are necessary to complete the musical thought, are overwhelmed in noisy applause and strident cries for an encore. A flagrant instance of this general want of consideration for those who may have a genuine love for music, of this contempt for the design of the composer, was shown at the recent performance of Carmen by the Metropolitan Opera House Company. The intermezzi which Bizet wrote for the orchestra in this work are charming little compositions, exquisitely scored for the instruments and full of color and character. And yet the fashionable audience which filled the Grand re-orchestra that has been heard in this city. It is not to be wondered at that managers are, as a rule, unwilling to spend extra money in providing an artistic orchestra at their theaters. They urge with truth that it is only throwing money away to engage a well equipped orchestra, as the public show in the most conclusive way possible that they do not want one. People who come from abroad express amazement at the behavior of Toronto audiences in these matters. They laugh when they hear it claimed that Toronto is a musical city, and they ask where is the evidence of the educational influence of all the teaching that goes on from year to year in our conservatories and colleges?

No doubt many of our citizens who offend against good taste and manners in the way I have mentioned, do so partly from thoughtlessness and partly from their want of knowledge of the nature of a musical composition, and the press, by calling attention to the subject, may do something to correct the evil. With regard to the orchestral part of the great operas, it should be borne in mind that it is here that the composer often reveals his greatest ingenuity, his deepest expression, and his most powerful effects, while it is occasionally of more importance and significance than the vocal score. It strengthens, emphasizes and makes clearer the dramatic situation and the significance of the words, and an audience who is inattentive to what it has to say is simply losing a large share of the intellectual and emotional enjoyment which the opera in its integrity is designed to give them.

When in London some years ago I was greatly impressed by the exemplary behavior and musical appreciation shown by a Covent Garden audience at a performance of The Meistersingers. Every number was listened to in silence until it was absolutely completed by the final close or cadence from the orchestra. And in cases where there was no point of division or pause between the numbers, applause was restrained until the fall of the curtain. The soloists were Mme. Albani, Jean de Reszke and Lusselle, but although these artists were all stars and immensely popular, there was no interruption of the artistic continuity of the performance by any attempt to give any one of them a demonstration of approval. And the result was that those who were not acquainted with the work were enabled to hear it as an organic whole, while those who were familiar with the music did not have their enjoyment spoiled by ill timed applause or small talk.

The second military concert at the Massey Hall, last Saturday, in point of attendance eclipsed the inaugural event of the previous week, the auditorium being packed to the doors. The feature of the evening, apart from the military tableaux and the patriotic selections, was the playing of the Thirteenth Battalion Band of Hamilton. Their principal number was Weber's Jubilee overture, which they gave an excellent rendering. For power, brilliancy and tone quality the Hamilton band no doubt takes precedence over all others in the province, a result due as much to the efforts of their bandmaster, Mr. Robinson, as to the patriotic support given it for so many years by the citizens of the Ambitious City. In Toronto we have five or six military bands, and while the number may be considered an advantage it causes a division of both interest and support,

and prevents any concentration of effort in the direction of making any one band supreme. In connection with this concert mention may be made of the singing of Master Birnie Rutenburg, the boy soprano, who greatly pleased the audience with his intelligent and sweet singing of Stand by the Old Flag. This evening (Saturday) the band of the 29th Battalion of Berlin will occupy the platform, and a choice selection is promised from them.

The Saturday afternoon recitals at the Toronto College of Music were resumed last Saturday, when a programme was given by pupils of the musical director, Mr. F. H. Torrington. The programme embraced the following: Brassin, Nocturne Op. 17, Vogrich, Staccato Caprice, Miss Lillian Porter: Buck, How Merry Goes the Time, vocal, Miss Free; (a) Beethoven, Sonata Op. 2, No. 3, Allegro con brio, (b) Chopin, Berceuse D flat, Miss Beatrice Dent; Verdi, Ernani, Involuntari, vocal, Miss Florence Walton; (a) Rink, Allegro, (b) Calkin, Andante, organ, Miss Eugenie Maxwell; Alliston, Song of Thanksgiving, vocal, Miss Fredrica Paul; (a) Stainer, Andante, (b) Fantasia, organ, Miss Beatrice Dent; Granier, Hosanna, vocal, Miss Annie Watson; Schira, Reverie Sogna, vocal, Miss Eileen Millett; (a) Grieg, Papillon Op. 43, (b) Moszkowski, Valse Op. 31, No. 2, Miss Lillian Landell; Donizetti, O luce di quest'anima, Mrs. Moret; Crozier, I Cling to Thee, My Saviour, Mr. James Heron.

Master Bernie Rutenburg, whose portrait is here given, is a boy soprano whose singing has come in for a great deal of favorable notice of late. He is soloist in the choir of St. Mary Magdalene church, Toronto. He is only eleven years of age, and made his first public appearance at Halifax, N. S., when seven years old, singing The Holy City with an effect that made quite a stir. His parents then re-



Master Bernie Rutenburg.

moved to Sackville, N. B., that he might continue his training. Since coming to Toronto he has been under the tuition of Mr. E. W. Schuch and Rev. E. J. Word. He first attracted notice in Toronto by his singing at the production of The Brownies in Massey Hall a year ago. He resides with his parents at 230 Robert street and is much sought after for concert engagements.

Mr. H. M. Blight, the well known local baritone, has opened a studio at Room 12, Richmond Chambers, No. 11, Richmond street west, where he is prepared to receive pupils in singing. Mr. Blight has had many years experience as a concert singer and stands high in his profession. His reception hour will be from eleven to twelve each morning.

The choir of Bloor street Presbyterian church will give a series of praise on Monday, Nov. 27. Among those who will take part are Miss Violet Gooderham, Mr. Crowley, the Toronto Ladies' Quartette, and the choir of the church under the direction of Mrs. Blight.

An organ recital and service of praise, under the direction of Mr. J. Hamfrey Anger, organist and choirmaster, will be given in Old St. Andrew's church, on Thursday evening, November 23. The programme comprises solo, trio, quartette and chorus numbers, in which among others the following will take part: Miss Marie Wheeler, soprano; Miss Janet Grant, contralto, and J. A. Newsom, bass.

The Guelph Advocate, November 8, '99, says: "Miss Eileen Millett, from the Toronto College of Music, made her debut to a Guelph audience, and was accorded a very hearty reception. She is simple and unassuming in appearance, but is gifted with a beautiful and flexible soprano voice of splendid range and fine expression, which showed to advantage in the Air d'Isabelle (preux cleres) with violin obligato by Mr. Fox. Her enunciation is perfect, and she takes the highest notes with marked clearness and without apparent effort. She has a bright future before her." The concert was under the auspices of the Guelph Speed Canoe Club.

Miss Della Ziegler, soprano soloist of the Sherbourne street Methodist choir, who has already filled numerous concert engagements this season, has been engaged as soloist in the Messiah perform-

ance to be given next month in London. Miss Ziegler's sympathetic and artistic singing from Sunday to Sunday at the Sherbourne street church has won for her the esteem and warmest regard of both choir and congregation. Her renderings of Mendelssohn's Jerusalem and the solo portions of Rossini's Inflammatus on Sunday evening were greatly appreciated and admired.

A most successful piano and song recital was given on Thursday of last week in the City Hall, Belleville, by Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, piano virtuoso, of Toronto, and Miss Mabel De Guerre of Belleville. The recital was largely attended by a cultured and appreciative audience, and from beginning to end was an artistic success. Mr. Tripp's playing was enthusiastically received, and the local press speak in the highest terms, comparing him favorably with the foremost pianists of this continent. Miss De Guerre, who has recently come to Belleville as teacher of singing in Albert College, has already become a great favorite with her beautiful voice and artistic method. Mr. V. P. Hunt was the director and accompanist, and to his efforts in the cause of good music is due the success of this enjoyable recital.

A mandolin, banjo and guitar club for gentlemen has been organized by Mr. Smedley, which meets at the Toronto College of Music on Monday evening at eight o'clock. Already a large number of players have joined. A most successful rehearsal was held on last Monday evening.

On Thursday of last week Mr. C. Le Roy Kenney, Toronto's most famous monologue artist, presented his clever arrangement of Sheridan's comedy, The Rivals, before the friends and pupils of the School of Elocution and Dramatic Art at the College of Music. This was Mr. Kenney's introduction to the school, upon the staff of which he has recently been appointed. It is not too much to say that he scored a great success and held the earnest attention of the very large audience which by hearty applause showed how much Mr. Kenney's artistic work was enjoyed. Each character in this difficult play was presented with dramatic fidelity, and the fine voice of the entertainer was used in a manner to prove his careful training and long experience. Mr. Kenney was one of Mr. Shaw's former pupils and his success was a compliment to his teacher, who introduced him to the audience. The entertainer received excellent assistance from Miss May Mawhinney, who sang Longing, by Ambrose, in excellent style. Miss Houghton played Chopin's Polonaise in C sharp minor in splendid style, and Miss Eleanor Kennedy was heartily cheered for her splendid interpretation of Liszt's Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2. Both these young ladies are pupils of Mr. Torrington.

The concerts of the Jarvis street Baptist church choir have created so much public interest that an immense number of applications were received for that given last night (Friday). A sufficient allotment of tickets having been made to fill the church, the committee were obliged to disappoint some hundreds of people by refusing to issue any more.

A number of the advanced piano pupils of Mr. A. S. Vogt gave a most interesting private musicale on Saturday afternoon last at his residence, 331 Bloor street. The programme was exceedingly choice, and was interpreted in a manner distinguished for numerous merits, both in regard to the technical performance and the musical exposition of the music. A novel feature and an instructive one was introduced by Mr. Vogt giving an analysis, with suggestive comments, in reference to each of the compositions rendered. The scheme was as follows: Sonata for piano and violin, op. 8, Grieg; Mrs. Adamson and Mr. Ernest Cork; Rigoletto fantasia, Liszt, Miss Jessie Perry; Warum und Grullen, Schumann, Miss Mary Hagarty; Etude in G, Lambert, and Witches' Dance, Macdowell, Miss Florence Brown; Walter's Preislied, Wagner-Bendel, Miss Ida Kerr; Berceuse in D flat, Chopin, and Valse in G flat, Miss Maud Robinson; Rhapsodie, op. 17, Brahms, and Faschig schwank, Schumann, Mr. Douglas H. Bertram; Mummurung Zephyrs, Jeanen-Niemann, Miss Frances Macdonald; Baccarolle, Haberdier and Etude Melodique, Raff, Mrs. Harold Clark; Romance, Schuetz, Miss Sara Bradley; Concerto in D minor, first movement, Mozart, Mr. Leslie Hodgson.

Mr. Angelo M. Reed of St. Catharines has concluded a very satisfactory sale to G. Schirmer of New York of his manuscript cantata, A Song of the Nativity. The work will be published immediately. Mr. Reed has also disposed to Messrs. Ashdown & Co. of London and Toronto a book of Love Songs for medium voice, on a royalty basis. These songs will be published simultaneously in England and America.

The choir of the Central Presbyterian church have in rehearsal Maunders' sacred cantata Penitence, Pardon and Peace, and will produce it shortly in connection with a service of praise. Mr. McNally, the choirmaster, who will direct the performance of the work, expects that the choir will give a specially good account of itself on the occasion.

Mr. Torrington, whose energy in the cause of oratorio shows no sign of flagging, is busy rehearsing with his festival chorus for a Christmas production of the Messiah. He announces, moreover, that he will subsequently produce Israel in Egypt.

Miss Clara Butt's singing at her farewell concert on Friday evening of last week aroused immense enthusiasm at the Massey Hall. Although the singer was suffering from a cold her magnificent voice was apparently but little affected except in a few of her lowest notes. She made her greatest successes in the songs with English words, among which were Cowen's fine setting of The Promise of Life, Kathleen Mavourneen, and Auld Robin Gray.

After the programme was finished the audience kept their seats until at last Miss Butt obligingly came forward and sang Sullivan's Lost Chord. This was the climax of the evening, and was received with a degree of enthusiasm that has rarely been paralleled here. This impressive and beautiful song has never been rendered before with such majesty, such breadth and beauty of tone, or with such elevated expression. It is worth noting, as showing the ready resource and excellent memory of Mr. Hewlett, who played the accompaniment on the organ, that Miss Butt had only one copy of the music with her, which she required for her own use on account of the words, and that Mr. Hewlett, although taken at a disadvantage, successfully accomplished the feat of reproducing the organ part so cleverly and with so little variation from the original that the audience would not have been aware that he was playing without the music that had attention not been called to the fact by an apology. Miss Butt was recalled a dozen times during the evening. In addition to the numbers mentioned she gave most finished renderings of two of Handel's most attractive songs, the Lascia chio Pianga and Omnia mai Fu, and an encore Schubert's Death and the Maiden. Miss Butt, who has been engaged for seven concerts in New York, returns to England early in December. It is a pity that Manager Suckling cannot see his way clear to secure her appearance in Toronto for a third time before she sails, as she will no doubt be so much in request in England that it may be a long time before she revisits America.

The Metropolitan School of Music announces an unusually prosperous and interesting season. Recent features of note were a large number of full and partial awards, the teachers represented in these being: Mr. W. O. Forsyth, the director of music; Miss Campbell L. Stotesbury, Mr. W. Y. Archibald, Signor Sajous, Miss Eibel K. Martin, Mr. F. Arthur Oliver, Miss A. F. Davy, Miss Kate Archer and Miss Lillian Burns. Competitors entered from various parts of the province, as well as Toronto, and, all told, a high degree of talent was presented. The Metropolitan School of Music is beginning work in its classes that are free to pupils of the institution, and now "Normal" classes in piano are being organized for instruction under Mr. W. O. Forsyth. The normal class presents an admirable opportunity—for those who desire a special course on how to teach—from one of the most successful masters of the piano in Canada. Particulars as to the course can be obtained from either Mr. Forsyth or the secretary of the institution. CHERUBINO.

The reposeful one—My dear, I wish you would not be so energetic. Will you never rest? The fussy one—I never expect to be able to rest till I get in my grave, and then it will be just my luck that the next day will be the Resurrection.—Life.

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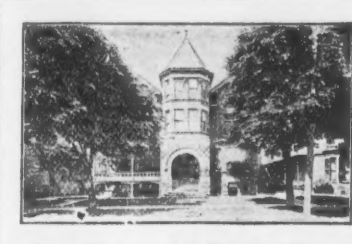
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Social and Personal.

Mrs. I. L. Nicholls has returned to Chatham. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Malcolmson spent a few days in Toronto recently. Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Smallpeice and Miss Daisy visited the Horse Show in New York this week.

Mrs. J. H. Bertram of 19 Brunswick avenue will be at home on the first and third Thursdays, instead of Wednesdays as formerly.

Mr. Walter Nichols entertained a few of his friends at dinner last Tuesday evening, and when the boys took their departure in the small hours of the morning it was unanimously voted the jolliest dinner that ever happened. Among those who shared the hospitality of this most popular young host were: Messrs. Frank Allen, Arthur Ritchie, Lorne Flaws, Russell Bilton, Ernest Proctor, Frank Hodgson, Harry Buller, Walter Kerr, Bert Morrison, and John Rogers.

A very pretty home wedding took place at eight o'clock on Tuesday evening at 49 Alexander street. Miss Fannie Coleman, daughter of Mr. Arthur Coleman, was married to Mr. Fred L. Ratcliff of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. B. D. Thomas, assisted by Rev. F. Ratcliff of Stouffville, father of the bridegroom. The bridesmaids were the bride's sister, Miss Alice Coleman, and Miss Maud Stockwell. Mr. Harry J. Scott of Trenton was groomsmen. Master George Matthews and Miss Aileen Marks were the pages. The bride's gown was a simple and dainty effect of figured white muslin. The bouquet was of bride roses. The bridesmaids wore gowns of white India silk, and carried chrysanthemums. The house was beautifully decorated with palms, ferns and chrysanthemums. Besides many city friends, there were present from a distance: Mr. Ed. Coleman of San Francisco, Mr. C. H. Booth of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Matthews of Peterboro', Miss Mulligan of Port Hope, and Mr. Alex. Stewart of Guelph. Mr. and Mrs. Ratcliff left to visit a number of United States cities, after which they will be at home at 117 Maitland street.

A jolly party from Hamilton is to be on hand for the Argonauts' dance next Friday, and there are great anticipations hereabouts of a grand time. Supper and music are to be extra good. The committee are to be found at 12 King street east.

Mrs. Robert Darling has sent out cards for an afternoon reception on next Thursday from half-past four to seven o'clock.

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Mr. and Mrs. Blewett of Blenheim have removed to Toronto, where they have taken a house. Mrs. Blewett, whose writings have charmed so many, will be an acquisition in social and literary circles.

Mrs. Frank Macdonald of Wellington place gave an afternoon euchre to a number of lady friends yesterday. Mrs.

McArthur of St. George street gave a young people's dance on the evening of November 17 to introduce her daughter, Miss Edith. Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake and Mr. and Mrs. E. Cox were Toronto-nians at the Horse Show this week. Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Cronyn have returned from England.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Sparling have removed to 37 Wilton crescent, where Mrs. Sparling and Miss Brown will be at home, as usual, on the first and third Mondays.

Mr. N. Pearson of College street has returned from his hunting trip in the north, much benefited in health and highly elated over his success in the deer country, having obtained all the law

allows of that noble beast, besides a large number of partridge, ducks and trout.

Mrs. Herbert McKerihen (nee Moore) will receive at 351 Givens street on the second and fourth Fridays.

Mrs. Murray Alexander gave a charming tea yesterday at her home in St. George street, her guests being invited to meet Mrs. Waterman.

Mrs. Osborne of Clover Hill is to spend the winter in Bermuda. Little Miss Margaret goes with her mamma.

Cards are out for the marriage of Mr. Edward Herbert Ambrose and Miss Eva Travers, to take place on Wednesday, Nov. 22, at Christ church cathedral, Hamilton.

Pearly Krimmer Lamb Jacket...

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Length, 26 inches; modeled to the newest shapes in sleeve and shoulder styles, elegantly trimmed and finished, and made of the richest quality of Krimmer fur. An exceptionally choice garment. If not satisfied on inspection, it can be returned and money will be cheerfully refunded.

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No one can do it better—few indeed so well. The worst kickers never find the slightest cause for complaint.

We are now installed in our substantial new building. Our equipment for turning out the very finest work cannot be surpassed, and complete satisfaction in every particular is guaranteed.

The tops of collars will always be found smooth.

Orders called for and promptly delivered in all parts of Eglinton, Kew Beach, &c.

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302, 304 and 306 CHURCH

Pleased With It

There are no spots or blemishes on garments after we launder them—no frayed edges, no torn buttonholes, no ripped seams. Costs no more to have your linen done our way than the ordinary way.

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Best in the World for the Throat and Chest....

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OF EVERY DESCRIPTION ACCEPTED AND EXECUTED, ACTS AS ADMINISTRATOR, EXECUTOR, GUARDIAN, ASSIGNER AND LIQUIDATOR.

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MONEY IN ANY AMOUNT UPON REAL ESTATE OR APPROVED COLLATERALS AT LOWEST MARKET RATES.

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The Art Piano of Canada.

Brilliant Piano

but brilliancy in tone is not common to every piano. It is a distinctive feature of the

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piano, and for this reason this piano has become the choice of the world's great artists.

"Every note ringing out in clear, pearly and limpid quality."

ALBANY.

Heintzman & Co., 117 King St. West, Toronto
Factory, Toronto Junction

There is no lack of expression, no lack of character or individuality in our clothing. The only trouble is some of our special lines don't get half enough show. Take our boys' suits for instance, how few of you realize what a fine lot we have. You can't make the complaint of any of our garments that can be said of ordinary ready-mades, that they look all alike. Our designs are new, original and exclusive.

To-day we put in stock three of the newest novelties shown this season

Boys' All-Wool Olive Shade Tweed Suits, check pattern, Italian linings, knee pants, double breasted vest, single-breasted coat, the latest New York novelty, sizes 20 to 35. **5.00**

Boys' Navy Blue Worsted Serge Suits, vest, e style with double-breasted vest, e front with silk star, white pearl buttons and four rows of silk braid, for ages 4 to 10. **5.00**

Vestee Suits, made from cheviot finished serge, in same style as above, for ages 10 to 15. **4.00**

These three suits are the noblest shown this season, and will please those who appreciate exclusive styles. On sale at both stores.

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115 King Street East and
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W. SANFORD ALLEY, Manager.

Steinway & Sons,
Pianoforte Makers to
The Shah of Persia.

TRANSLATION.
By the Glory of God.
THE fame of the above firm is well known for the excellence and high merit in the manufacture of their pianos and especially all other firms who are likewise engaged in the same trade. Consequently, from this date on, HIS MAJESTY MOHAMED-REZA SHAH OF the Kajar Dynasty, the SHAH OF PERSIA, appoints the above firm as the special manufacturer of the COURT OF PERSIA, provided the present excellence of this high art manufacture is maintained and continued, otherwise this ROYAL appointment will be annulled.
Date. (Moharrem-ul-Haram, 14, 1317.)
MOHAMMED ALI.

SOLE AGENTS FOR
Steinway & Sons' Pianos:
The NORDHEIMER PIANO AND MUSIC CO. LIMITED
15 King St. East, Toronto

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SOLE AGENTS FOR
Steinway & Sons' Pianos:
The NORDHEIMER PIANO AND MUSIC CO. LIMITED
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Our 20th Century Christmas Messenger is mailed (free) upon request.

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The WILSON HEAT DEFLECTOR

It costs much less than a ton of coal, and will save you from

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In fuel, giving you greater heat in your hall, stairs, ranges and furnaces.

Send us your address or call and see us.

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138 VICTORIA ST., - TORONTO

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WEDDING CAKES

are specially noted for delicious perfection. Any size—sent anywhere.

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GIGANTIC UNRESERVED
AUCTION SALE
OF THE LARGEST AND MOST MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION OF

Turkish Rugs, Carpets Embroideries

ever imported into this country. Comprising Royal Bokhara, Iran, Omatolian, Shiraz, Shiran, Hamidid, Daghistan, etc., etc. Rugs and Carpets, Elegant Turkish Embroideries, costly Bagdad Portieres, etc.

COMMENCING ON
Wednesday, November 22
and following afternoons until the entire stock is sold.

At the Bon Marche

Nos. 7 and 9 King St. East, near Yonge St.

The subscribers are favored with instructions from

L. BABAYAN, ESQ.,
to offer by public auction at the above address and date, this costly collection. Never before has such a choice and well assorted stock of Oriental art goods been submitted to public competition in Canada. Catalogues will be ready in a few days. Mailed on application. Sale at 2.30 each day.

CHAS. M. HENDERSON & CO.,
Tel. 2535. Auctioneers.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. W. H. B. Aikens is not receiving on Tuesdays now, owing to family bereavement.

Miss Edith Greene has returned from England, and is attending upon her invalid parent, Mrs. Columbus Greene, who has been so long ill.

Bad news from Mrs. Nordheimer of the increasing illness of Miss Nordheimer in Italy has saddened many friends.

Mrs. W. J. Elliott has removed from 82 Wellesley street to 52 Collier street, where she will receive on the second and third Mondays.

Mrs. Catto left this week to join Miss Catto, who has been abroad for some time. Mrs. and the Misses Taylor of Florsheim are to leave shortly for the South to spend the inclement weather. Mrs. Taylor having been far from strong lately.

(Trade-mark Registered Nov. 24, 1896.)

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provides a natural cure for all forms of disease. By merely placing the body in a condition that compels it to absorb large quantities of oxygen, disease is reversed, and vigorous health is the result. If you are tired of being sick—if you are tired of taking drugs, and hoping against hope, send for our book "Grateful Reports," containing hundreds of letters from persons in all walks of life, who have cured themselves.

HON. GEORGE F. DREW, former Governor of Florida, U.S.A., writes March 4, 1896: "Oxydonor has twice cured me of Inflammatory Rheumatism and has given me almost instant relief from attacks of La Grippe. I can say that my health has been better since using Oxydonor than at any time since I arrived at manhood, and I am now nearly 72 years old."

MR. W. L. FEELY, of Hull, Quebec, writes, Oct. 23, 1896: "Oxydonor has helped my wife very much. I am very grateful for what it has done for me."

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM

MR. JAMES RALPH, P.M., of Goldenburg, Ont., writes: "I have been a sufferer for over ten years with Inflammatory Rheumatism. I had given up in despair, thinking there was no permanent cure for me. I began using Oxydonor, and in about three weeks I was as free from pain as when I was twenty years of age, and I am still free from pain and sleep well at night."

CAUTION. Imitations of Oxydonor are dangerous to use. Refuse to accept them. Dr. Sanche is the originator and inventor, and has obtained final decision in the Supreme Court, Washington, D.C., against imitations. We are operating under the only patents that have been granted on this process and these instruments. Nothing can be gained or saved by buying imitations. All genuine instruments in this line are stamped with the name "Dr. H. Sanche, or Dr. H. Sanche & Co." Examine the stamp closely before you buy.

We want reliable, energetic persons in all sections of Canada to sell our productions. Liberal discounts. Many giving only part of their time are making \$100 to \$200 per month. Others, giving all their time to the business, more. Write for terms.

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FOR THE...
Drawing-Room

Rarely have we shown so choice a selection of really high-grade suites and odd chairs as we have now on view.

Included in the display are some exquisitely shaped pieces in the styles of Louis XIV. and of the Empire.

Less richly decorated, but equally well made and finished are a line of low and medium priced chairs, settees, &c., which we consider to be of exceptionally good value.

THE CHAS. ROGERS & SONS CO.

LIMITED
97 YONGE STREET

Hints on Dress For Men.

"For afternoon wear the coat is always either black or very dark; for morning wear it may be black or of any dark shade, but is generally gray. For either purpose the vest may be of a modest fancy vesting, or of the same material as the coat. The trousers are generally of a fancy medium light-colored material, but for the morning suit the material may be the same as for the coat. The afternoon suit may, therefore, be worn in the morning, but the gray suit is not suitable for the afternoon." Henry A. Taylor, Draper, the Rossin Block, makes a specialty of society dress, and is showing a splendid range of the newest imported woollens for making them—highest class tailoring.

Turkish Rugs and Carpets by Auction.

Mr. Chas. M. Henderson will sell, commencing on Wednesday next, at the Bon Marche, Nos. 7 and 9 King street east, Babayan's elegant collection of genuine Turkish and Persian rugs and carpets, embroideries, etc. This is the largest and most magnificent collection of Oriental art goods ever imported into this country. The sale commences each afternoon at 2.30. The entire stock will be on view Monday and Tuesday.

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A Tourist Car.
For Whom Intended.

The Canadian Pacific Tourist Car was put into service for the accommodation of passengers holding second-class railway tickets from any point North Bay or East to Calgary or West; but passengers holding first-class railway tickets may secure accommodation in one of these cars.

Passengers preferring wholesome, comfortable accommodation to the elaborate designs and luxurious appointments of our palace sleepers, will find it in the Tourist Car, and at less cost.

Any Canadian Pacific Agent will gladly give you further particulars and secure you accommodation in one of these cars.

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Assistant General Passenger Agent,
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UNDERTAKER

Phone 931 343 Yonge street

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.
WARWICK—Nov. 13, Mrs. George R. Warwick, a daughter.
COX—Nov. 9, Mrs. W. H. Cox, a son.
DOUGLAS—Oct. 30, Mrs. Thomas Douglas, a daughter.
RYCKMAN—Nov. 2, Mrs. E. B. Ryckman, a son.
JAMIESON—Nov. 13, Mrs. P. E. Jamieson, a daughter.
PARKINSON—Nov. 6, Mrs. Frank Parkinson, a daughter.

Marriages.
HILTON—KEEFER—On Sunday, Nov. 12, at Trinity church, Seattle, Wash., by Rev. H. H. Gower, Mr. Edmund Hilton to Mabel Hill, fourth daughter of the late M. H. Keefe of Weston, Ont.
HOLMES—SMITH—Nov. 6, at New York city, Seddie Holmes to Mabel Luella Smith, both of Toronto.
WOODS—STOCKWELL—Nov. 8, George C. Woods of Niagara Falls, N.Y., to Helen (Nell) Stockwell of Toronto.
RATCLIFF—FOLGER—Nov. 14, Fred L. Ratcliff to Fanny Coleman.
HINDS—NEWMAN—Nov. 15, William George

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The...
Drinking Glass
In REAL PIGSKIN CASE
CORK LINED
Is a very acceptable gift.
In three sizes. Prices \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00.
MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

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With BAYONET TOPS
Russia, Pigskin and Morocco Leather Covered
With Silver Plated, Gold Lined Cups
Price \$4.00 to \$9.00.

With SCREW TOPS
Morocco Leather Covered.
Silver Plated, Gold Lined Cups.
Price \$2.00 to \$3.50
Sizes— $\frac{1}{4}$ pint to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pints.
DELIVERED TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

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It will enable you to select articles for Gifts or Personal use.
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105 KING STREET WEST
Makers of FINE TRAVELING and LEATHER GOODS

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Heated with **Safford Radiators**
MADE BY **DOMINION RADIATOR CO. LIMITED**
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